TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The Rev. Dr. Parker of London whose "one minute sermons" have re-aroused public interest in his preaching, has requested the press and thoughtful people everywhere to send him their opinion as to whether preaching is played out. As a profession it certainly is not and it was never a better business than it now is. As no one is able to compare more than superficially the past with the present with due regard to all the surrounding circumstances in the lives of the millions who have heard and are hearing preaching, it will be difficult for anyone to say whether sermons are listened to with less interest or have less effect at the present day than in the past. One great difference, however, at once suggests itself. During the Reformation and the centuries subsequent to it a vast deal of zeal animated the preachers and evangelists who sought to turn people from wrong belief and from denominations they esteemed heretical, and it can be easily understood that their earnestness and vigor must have been more moving than the self-satisfied so-much-per-annum tone of the modern minister. When the nonconformists were being persecuted and when they in turn persecuted others, the religious atmosphere was red hot—something very different from its present condition. The preachers no doubt caused much of this warmth and their sermons must have been of the exciting variety, but man's natural fondness for fair play and that belicose disposition which is as easily satisfied by a religious fight as by any other kind, made the masses resist persecution and while in this humor they were easily swayed by their religious teachers. I do not imagine that their lives were always improved or their natures made more gentle by the fanaticism which many of them developed, nor does it seem natural that their acceptance of dogmas forced upon them by fear of horrible things which would follow their rejection, could have produced in the majority of instances much more than gruesome formalism and self deception. In those days, too, Protestant churches were in a formative stage and the earnestness with which the different denominations contended for the faith as they defined it, made it seem exceedingly important to the listener that he adhere to the right sect. These contentions and the varying success which followed them kept the preaching warm even after legalized persecution of all sorts ceased. The Salvation Army is the only noticeable denomination of recent origin and it has attracted the ignorant and done much good to the fallen by a resumption of the old style of nonconformist oratory and its hand to hand or mouth to mouth conflicts with a personal devil. Their success shows that their sort of preaching is not "played out."

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If we are to take public enthusiasm, or what appears to us to be the salvation of souls in Pentecostal numbers as a criterion of the success of modern sermons, they are more or less played out. Once, while following newspaper work in another city, I made it my business for many Sundays to mingle with the crowds as they went home from church and note the subjects of conversation. Perhaps this was rather an indelicate proceeding, but the census taker asks many questions which socially would be considered impertinent, and statisticians of all sorts have to adopt methods which are not entirely defensible. I have not my figures by me, but I recollect that not more than five per cent. made any mention of spiritual matters. I would not have it understood that so small a proportion were speaking of the sermons, for some thirty per cent. made reference to books, newspaper paragraphs and current topics to which the preacher had referred. If I remember rightly between fifteen and twenty per cent. were disparaging church officers, speaking of quarrels in the denomination or parish, complaining of the way the building was warmed, the discomfort of the pews and that sort of thing, while about half were discussing family matters, dress, business, scandal, and such other matters as ordinarily interest people. Taking this as a standard by which to judge sermons, they are certainly played out, but I do not consider it a fair criterion.

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If we are to take the average goodness of the church-goer and compare it with that of the stay away, we would find startling evidence that the churches are doing a grand work, a work such as is not attempted by any other organized section of society. That much of it is being accomplished by the preaching I feel sure, that much more could be accomplished is quite as certain. It is scarcely possible to conceive of society so organized as to hold together without churches and preaching, neither is such a condition, consistent with individual liberty, easily to be conceived whereby the churches could attend so exclusively to popular improvement as not to absolutely require the assistance of a public school system and an unterrified press. I would no doubt excite the wrath of many were I to state how much of the refinement and advancement and positive goodness of this century I believe to have been brought about by cheapened books and newspapers, public schools, and increased facilities of communication. The churches are slow to give their share of praise to others, but that is no reason why those who believe both in the churches and their secular assistants, should deny the spiritual bodies credit for having done very much towards the building up of those social props which now do almost as much to uphold the structure of society as the churches themselves. I shall reserve my answer to Dr. Parker's question as to the ideal preacher and ideal sermon for some future occasion.

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The appointment of Colonel Herbert as commanding chief of the Canadian Militia is being severely criticized. It certainly seems hard that Canadians of greater age and much more experience should be passed over and this favorite [illegible] Guards given the place. I am told [illegible] appointment of a Canadian, it was feared, would cause so much jealousy that the militia authorities at home dared not try the experiment. But this does not excuse them for sending us one whose military standing is so slight and whose experience amounts to little or nothing. It is true there is a vast deal of jealousy in Canada between all sorts of people. If any man obtains a little prominence in his profession it is too often the habit of his colleagues to endeavor to pull him down rather than help him up, and the result is that Canadians regard a fellow-countryman as unworthy of distinguished honors until he has been endorsed and adopted by some other country, when, of course, it is too late to obtain the benefit of his citizenship and the honor he would bring to his native land. When will we drop this miserable method and endeavor by popular endorsement of our representative men in literature, science and the professions, to give them a standing in the eyes of the rest of the world? Until we do so the old saying that a prophet hath no honor in his own country, will be particularly true of Canada.

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The diaries and letters of Major Barttelot recently published seem to prove there is another and less agreeable side to Stanley's character, than the one which has usually been presented to us. The murdered major was commander of Stanley's rear guard and it has generally been considered that his tragic death was largely owing to his own conduct and yielding to those infirmities of temper which are not even yet denied and never can be altogether excused. But if the statements in this posthumous publication are true Stanley must have a good deal of the tyrant in his composition. Yet he need not fear the result. He is alive and has been crowned with the laurels of success. The other man is dead and uninfluential. The world in charity to Stanley will be apt to admit that no man could have accomplished the deeds which have made him famous, without being something of a tyrant in caring less for the rights of others than the attainment of the object he had in view.

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An acquaintance was the other day railing at workmen of all sorts, accusing them of trying to see how much pay they could get for doing as little work as possible and doing that little as badly as they dare. "In fact," said he, "I do not believe I have had a conscientious plumber or workman of any kind in my house." I asked him if his clerks were much better. "No," he answered, "very little. I do not believe half a dozen of them care a cent what becomes of my business except, that they might possibly lose a situation if I failed."

"How about yourself?" I asked. "Are you strictly conscientious?"

He looked me straight in the eyes and paused for a moment, "Well, self-praise is no commendation but I think I always try to do the square thing with everybody." It so happened there was a little washroom curtained off his private office and from where I sat I could see that the water from the tap was running into the basin. I suggested that the faulty repairing of that tap was one of his grievances against the plumbers. "One of them!" he exclaimed. "That thing began running before I had it in two weeks."

"Been running ever since?" I asked.

"Yes," he said, "It has. I have been intending to get it fixed. I always forget it." After dilating on the difficulty of getting good plumbing done I asked how long it had been in. He thought a moment and answered, "Ever since a little after New Years."

"Do you think it is conscientious," I asked, "to let that tap run so long, wasting city water, all through the water famine too." He saw I had him, laughed somewhat awkwardly as he answered, "Well, I suppose it is not. I guess that is something everybody neglects."

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If we were to cross-examine the vast majority of business and professional men, we would find that very few of them are as conscientious as the majority of working men whose failings they are so fond of railing against. If there had been a metre behind the water tap, the water would not have been let run for nine months. If my friend had been aware of a leak in the gas pipe on his side of the metre, he would have had it repaired inside of a week. How many people in this city are as careful to turn off the water tap as they are to turn down the gas when they are not using it? Yet the wilful waste of water is dishonest. It is as great a piece of vandalism as mutilating shade trees and disfiguring boulevards. Truly enough they pay their water rates and are supposed to have the use of the city water. They pay their tax for the sidewalks and roadways but they are not permitted to dig holes in the street or to mutilate the pavement. The police can protect the city against offences committed on the public property which is exposed to view but they cannot be constantly inspecting the water taps which are located in the privacy of homes and business houses. This general waste of water costs the city a vast deal of money and those who are guilty of the dishonest practice of wasting water inflict on the conscientious few, who are careful in this matter, a burden of taxes and thus really rob them of the money.

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There are many other ways where the lack of conscientiousness on the part of the moneyed classes increases the burdens of the innocent. For instance, there are many wealthy men in this city who own a large number of tenement houses, the little yards of which are reeking with filth because the proprietor is too selfish and conscienceless to put closets in the houses instead of having cess pools adjacent to the wells from which the same heartless proprietor insists that his tenants shall still get their drinking water. The cost of putting modern improvements in these houses may be considerable, but it is as much the duty of the owner of the house to do it as it is to pay taxes for the maintenance of hospitals and institutions for the unfortunate. Indeed it is as much more his duty as prevention is better than cure. If the tenants who contaminate the soil and air adjacent to these tenement houses were the ones who suffered, the landlord's guilt would be less than it is, but the innocent poor are forced to move into these habitations and suffer for the sins of the landlord and the previous occupants.

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Without going into further details or pointing out how often thirty-three inches are made to answer for a yard and fourteen ounces for a pound, without investigating the tricks of speech whereby untruths are conveyed, and the make-believes of trade, which are not a whit better than fraud, it is easily seen that the workingmen have very poor examples set before them by those who pretend to be so conscientious. I think the general cause of this petty dishonesty is that people select a few things in which they esteem it their duty to be absolutely conscientious, and forget how small a part of their whole conduct this conscientiousness affects. A man who is absolutely conscientious in every particular is such a rarity that in some respects his conduct is almost grotesque. People are apt to call him a crank. I was fishing last summer with such a man. He would not burn any more wood away out in the wilderness than we needed because it was wasteful and our extravagance might be some day felt by the generations to come, and in every other respect he was as particular. Possibly in such respects as no man can find out he may too have had his little lapses yet he was generous, self-sacrificing, kindly, and never made conscientiousness an excuse for leaving undone a neighborly act. His example was worth something to me though possibly I shall make a poor attempt at imitating it. At any rate it proved this much to me, that as strict conscientiousness is certain to shame those who are careless into better conduct, so a slighting of our altruistic duties will lead others to overlook what they should do in the interest of the community or the race, and as a bad example is much more contagious than a good one, as well as such

MUSING.

exemplars being infinitely more numerous, we cannot wonder at the carelessness of those to whom a money sacrifice means so much and who have so few opportunities of receiving the culture which refines our natures and who are so slightly rewarded for the sacrifices they make.

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The developments of the last few days in connection with the Birchall case tend to throw considerable doubt upon the justice of the death-sentence passed upon the prisoner. They afford at least ample reason for granting a reprieve until further investigations can be made. Standing by itself the letter purporting to come from the mysterious personage styling himself "the Colonel" might not be worthy of much attention. But there are corroborating circumstances, which though they may not prove its genuineness at any rate show that some weight should be attached to it until it is conclusively shown to be a forgery. Taken in connection with the statement of Mr. Stevens of Montreal to the effect that he met a person known as "the Colonel" in company with the Birchalls and Benwell at a London hotel, and with the point adduced by Benwell's brother, to the effect that the boots found on the body of the murdered man were not his, but a pair that had apparently been placed on his feet after the murder, the story of the Michigan letter is at least plausible, and by no means so improbable that it ought to be pooh-poohed as a transparent fabrication in a case where human life is at stake. It would be perhaps going too far to say that no man should be hanged on circumstantial evidence, but this much will be admitted by all, that if circumstantial evidence is to send a prisoner to the gallows it ought to be direct and clear beyond a reasonable doubt. There should be no missing links in the chain. The testimony of incriminating circumstances is strong against Birchall, but so long as the mystery of "the Colonel's" connection with the case is not explained, it cannot be said that it is conclusive.

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Canadian journals are fond of contrasting the manner in which the death sentences of our courts are carried out with the sentimentality and misplaced sympathy for notorious criminals which sometimes prevails in the United States and tends to make the administration of the law uncertain. We are apt to plume ourselves somewhat on the fact that appeals for mercy on the ground of extenuating circumstances have here little chance of success. Now while there is no question that on the other side a maudlin sympathy with criminals often runs to an absurd extreme and results in a laxity which encourages crime, is it not possible that here the reaction against mistaken philanthropy has carried us to the other and decidedly less excusable extreme of undue harshness and stringency in the administration of the law? Sympathy with wrong doers—often as much sinned against as sinning—may be a weakness, but it is a failing that leans to virtue's side. It is as well for us to remember that in many other countries than the United States the general tendency of public opinion is in the direction of leniency rather than old-fashioned severity in the execution of the law. In several European countries capital punishment has been abolished—in most others including England it is sparingly inflicted. Even a French jury could hardly find "extenuating circumstances" in the case of Birchall if he is guilty. If capital punishment is to be inflicted in any case the murderer of Benwell is a fit subject for its exercise. But the same revulsion against Yankee humanitarianism and sentimentality which has before this sent men to the gallows here as a protest against the laxity of New York and Chicago—men in whose cases there *were* extenuating circumstances—may tell heavily against Birchall's chance of a reprieve for further investigation.

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A discreditable feature of the discussion has been the attitude of the newspapers, especially the *Globe*. If the spirit which would insist upon the law taking its course regardless of a possibility that the jury might have given a different verdict with the facts now available before them, solely to keep up Canadian credit for stern and inflexible justice, be unworthy of a civilized people, how much more discreditable is it to allow considerations of business rivalry to influence such a discussion? Because the *Mail* has secured the publication of Birchall's autobiography and has been instrumental in setting before the public the recent developments, which present matters in a somewhat more favorable light for the prisoner, the *Globe* takes the opposite tack and has bent its energies to the task of discrediting, in advance, the Michigan letter and hounding down the unfortunate man with an unseemly display of vindictiveness. Its eagerness to prejudge the case and declare "the Colonel's" letter a forgery, despite statements which seem to corroborate it, cannot be justified by any pretence of righteous zeal for the enforcement of the law. It is too plainly the outcome of a keen commercial jealousy and the desire to belittle and disparage a rival which—it is charitable to hope unconsciously—has tinged the Liberal organ's utterances with an evident personal animus against the Woodstock prisoner.

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The disclosures made in the course of the Toronto Street Railway arbitration, as to the enormous earning power of the road under its present management, furnish an additional reason why the City Council should carefully reconsider the matter before finally deciding to turn over the street railway to be operated by another private corporation as a source of profit instead of having it conducted as a public enterprise. The sole objection urged against the road being managed by the city is that the aldermen are not to be trusted with so important an undertaking—affording so many opportunities for mismanagement, peculation and jobbery. It does not apparently occur to the objectors that this argument is equally valid as against the entire municipal system, and that if it is to prevail we ought logically to turn over our waterworks, roadways and sidewalks, our public schools and fire brigades to be managed by corporators with the object of extracting the biggest dividends possible out of the public. But it does not follow that the road, if operated by the city, need be under the immediate control of the aldermen. The nature of the undertaking requires expert management. The thing to be done is to entrust the enterprise to some first-class practical man giving him full control, subject to such general regulations as it may be advisable to lay down, but absolutely free from the interference of the aldermen as to the details of management, and hold him to a strict responsibility for the result. The experiment ought to be tried for a time at least, and if failure results, it will then be easy to revert to the monopoly system. Whereas if the road is once handed over to a corporation for a fixed term, the act will be irrevocable.

P. T.

Social and Personal.

Toronto promises to be very gay this winter. The season has opened well with large teas and small dinners, while assemblies and public and private balls are already talked of with confidence.

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Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave a dinner party on Thursday last. The guests were: Sir Casimir and Lady Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Sir William Howland, Miss Crookes, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Miss Langmuir and Mr. Carpmael.

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Mrs. J. K. Kerr gave a dinner party on Thursday evening.

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Mrs. Gibson of St. Albans street gave an At Home on Wednesday, at which, among others, the following were present: Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Willie Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Drayton, Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham.

Last Monday afternoon a throng of carriages made labored way to the handsome residence of Mrs. G. T. Blackstock on Jarvis street. The occasion was the welcoming of a large circle of friends to an afternoon tea, and the charming hostess was indeed busy in extending her welcome. Mrs. McMaster, Mrs. Blackstock's mother, wearing an elegant gown of black velvet, with diamond ornaments, aided her in receiving, while Miss McMicking and Miss Parsons also assisted. Miss McMicking was gowned in heliotrope cashmere and velvet, and Miss Parsons wore white cashmere and gold. The rooms were prettily arranged with plants and cut flowers. A great many palms were scattered about, while the floral decorations were of roses and chrysanthemums in white and yellow. No gas was used, and the light given forth by the lamps and candles was perfect in its mellow glamor.

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A noteworthy feature of this entertainment was the orchestral music, the players of which were stationed on the second floor, though the violin solos were rendered in the drawing-room. Among the many present were the following: Mrs. Gzowski, Miss Wotherspoon, Mr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Miss Crookes, Mrs. Edward Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Heinman, Mrs. Law, Mrs. S. H. Blake, Mrs. W. H. Blake, Mr. B. Homer Dixon, Mrs. Alexander Cameron, Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Mrs. Walter Cassels, Mr. and Mrs. Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Cassels, Mrs. Lumsden, Mrs. B. and Miss Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Torrance, Mr. Evans, Mr. J. D. Gamble, Mrs. Aylesworth, Mrs. Wellington, Mrs. Neville, the Misses Dupont.

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Miss Foote of Georgetown is the guest of Mrs. Grant of Peter street.

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Mrs. Rutherford of Northfield welcomes her friends to an afternoon tea to-day.

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Friday, November 7, is the date fixed for the first of the assemblies to be given by the Grenadiers.

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Mrs. Drayton of Bloor street has issued invitations for a dance on Tuesday next.

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St. Andrew's Society gives a ball in the early part of December.

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The Misses Hugel of Port Hope are to spend the season here. They are residing at Mrs. Thomson's on John street.

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Mrs. Ogden-Jones has been receiving this week at her new home on Carlton street.

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Mr. A. Munro Grier sails for England to-day. He will join his mother at St. Ives in Cornwall.

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Mrs. J. D. Edgar of Bloor street west entertained a number of friends at dinner on Friday evening.

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Miss Finkle of Woodstock, sister of the popular Judge Finkle, is the guest of Mrs. O'Brien on Robert street.

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On Wednesday evening a happy gathering witnessed a pretty marriage ceremony in St. Simon's Church, when Rev. T. C. Street-Macklem wedded Miss Kathleen Clarke to Captain Wilfred S. Denroche of the 36th Battalion. The bride was attended by the Misses Clarke and Denroche, while Lieutenant R. Cunningham Windeyer and Lieutenant Chadwick officiated as groomsmen. The invited guests were: Colonel Tyrwhitt, 36th Batt.; Colonel Dawson, Royal Grenadiers; Major Evans, 36th Batt.; Major Sankey, Q. O. R.; Captain Smyth, 36th Batt., and Mrs. Smyth; Captain Trotter, Royal Grenadiers, and Mrs. Trotter; Captain Pellat, Q. O. R.; Lieut. Laurie, C School; Miss M. Douglas, Mrs. Wallace, Mr. N. Maughan, City Assessment Commissioner; Miss Lillie Jones, Mrs. Neil, Lieut. Binghall, Mr. F. A. Wilson, Mr. H. A. and Miss Mabel Small, Mrs. Johnston Vicars, Miss Vicars, Messrs. C. and H. and Miss Macnamara, Miss Peacock, Lieut. John Druce, Miss Helen Merritt, Mrs. J. P. Merritt of St. Catharines, Mr. Thos. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Scholfield of Clarkson, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Johnston, Mr. Percival Hoch, Mr. Beverley Jones, Mrs. F. Davis of Davenport Centre, N. Y., Mrs. Thos. Carr of Chapleau, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mrs. John Young, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Canniff, Lieut. Harvey Willis, Lieut. Jas. Brown and Lieut. Dwyer, 36th Batt. of Brampton; Miss Lottie Allen, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Denroche, sr. Miss May Denroche.

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The residence of Mr. George A. McKinnon, 506 Jarvis street, was the scene of a very enjoyable children's party on Friday night week.

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Hon. James Young of Galt was in the city on Wednesday last.

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Little Miss Verna Smith entertained a large number of her juvenile friends at the residence of her father, Mr. S. H. Smith, 402 Sherbourne street, last Friday night.

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Mrs. D. P. Ross of Spadina avenue has gone on a visit to her daughters, Mrs. J. A. Fraser and Mrs. J. W. Edminson of Chicago.

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Mrs. S. H. Manchee (*nee* Helen Corlett), for some years past the esteemed and popular leader of the Bond street Congregational church choir, is now domiciled in Chicago. Attendants at Bond street will sadly miss the sweet voice they have so long been accustomed to hear. At a recent meeting of the church members a very complimentary resolution was passed, which, together with a cheque for a quarter's salary were forwarded to Mrs. Manchee in Chicago. We give an extract from the resolution: "Circumstances have led to the severance of the bond uniting you with the church, and which has been so happily and pleasantly maintained for so many years. Bond street church very cordially and heartily thanks for all your services, not only those rendered at the Sabbath services, but for much valuable assistance which has been cheerfully extended to the various organizations in connection with the church. It is the unanimous wish of the church that the future may open up before you with much that is bright and encouraging, and that you may ever have pleasant memories of your friends in Bond street, who now, and always will, hold you in kind and loving regard."

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The Ontario Society of Artists, of which Hon. G. W. Allan is president, intend giving several assemblies or conversaziones for the purpose of promoting social intercourse between the professional artists and people of culture, whose support would assist in the encouragement of Art and the successful maintenance of a first-class art gallery in Toronto. The first of these entertainments was held at the Art Gallery, on Thursday evening, under the patronage of the Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell.

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The members of the Iron and Steel Institute, who have been touring through Canada, were in the city on Wednesday, and an At Home was given in their honor at Government House. The very disagreeable day tended to lessen the enjoyment, but for all that a large number of prominent ladies and gentlemen attended the reception tendered the visitors. The party which arrived in Toronto comprised: Sir James Bain, Vice-President of the Institute and ex-Provost of Glasgow, Mr. James Allen, Mr. Thomas Ashbury, Mr. A. C. Bainlett, Mr. Henry Banks, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bantock, Mr. George Birkbeck, Mr. B. G. Bradley, Mr. William Bright, Mr. Isaac Buller, Mr. A. R. Byles, Mr. John Henry Coughlin, Mr. J. Colquhoun, Mr. Craggs and ladies, Mr. T. W. Crawhall-Wilson, Mr. L. W. Crawhall-Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. S. Dickinson, Mr. Drechmann, Mr. and Mrs. S. Drummond, Mr. A. H. Durmachie, Mr. and Mrs. Erhardt, Mr. and Mrs. John Ellison, Mr. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. David Evans, Mr. W. Farnworth, Mr. S. J. Fellows, Mr. A. Goldbach, Mr. J. Gregory, Mr. Richard Grigg, Mr. Max Guilleaume, Mr. G. H. Harrison, Mr. G. K. Harrison, Miss Harrison, Mr. J. F. Hobson, Mr. Emil Hoette, Mr. Hofer, Col. Holland, Mr. and Mrs. W. Howatt, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Huntington, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Jackson, Mr. James C. Henry, Mr. J. S. Jeans, Mr. Walter Jenks, Mr. James Johnston, Miss Clara Jones, Mr. Henry Jones, Mr. George Kearsley, Mr. R. Laybourne, Mr. Ellis Lever, Mr. J. F. Maclaren, Mr. Franz Marburg, Mr. Benjamin Marsden, Mr. C. Marston, Mr. Emil Moenting, Mr., Mrs. and the Misses Monks, Mr. S. V. Morgan, Mr. Owen Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. Fred. W. Morris, Mr. Richard J. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Morris, Mr. Alfred Muir, Mr. Gustave Muller, Mr. T. N. Muller, Mr. Gerard R. Oakes, Mr. John Francis Pease, Mr. J. W. Perkins, Mr. W. D. Phillips, Mr. C. D. Phillips, Mr. Edward Porritt, Mr. H. G. Powell, Mr. Charles H. Pugh, Mr. and Mrs. D. Purves, Mr. Joseph Richardson, Mr. J. C. Ridley, Mr. Francis W. Rummens, Mr. M. Salter, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Service, Mr. Paul Sibel, Mr. J. S. Simpson, Mr. G. J. Smith, Mr. G. J. Snelus, F. R. S., Mrs. G. J. Snelus, Miss Snelus, Baron F. Soohor, Mr. and Mrs. John W. Sparrow, Mr. J. C. Tannett, Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Thomas, Mr. James L. Thomas, Mr. F. T. Thomas, Mr. W. H. Walker, jr., Mr. Paul Wilkes, Mr. R. Williamson, Miss Williamson, Mr. R. T. Wilson, Mr. Tylden Wright, Miss Selwyn, Miss Gisborne, Mrs. Fletcher, Mrs. Evans and Mr. Jul. Zurborn.

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Besides the above-mentioned, the following committee met the members of the institute at the Falls, and took charge of their tour through Canada: Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn, C.M.G., director of the geological survey of Canada; Mr. B. T. A. Bell, editor of *The Canadian Mining Review*; Mr. Thomas Macfarlane, F.R.C.S., Dominion analyst, and Mr. H. B. Small, secretary of the Department of Agriculture.

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Among those present to meet the tourists were: Sir Casimir Gzowski, A.D.C., Hon. Edward and Mrs. Blake, Mayor Clarke, Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Edgar, Col. and Mrs. F. C. Denison, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Ald. Dodds and Mrs. Dodds, Ald. Frankland, Ald. Hewitt, Ald. Bailey, Ald. Gibbs, Ald. Saunders, Ald. Score, Ald. Lindsey, Mr. A. M. Smith, Mr. Justice Burton, H. E. Clarke, M.L.A., Mr. Fred Wyld, Mr. W. R. Brock, Mr. H. A. Massy, City Engineer Jenning, Mr. A. M. Cosby, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. S. Nordheimer, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Mr. D. R. Wilkie and Mr. A. Blue

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Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Murphy of Washington, D.C., are the guests of Mr. O. B. Sheppard. Mr. Murphy is head official reporter of the U. S. Senate.

Art and Artists.

The chief topic of interest in art circles at present is the squabble in connection with the Toronto Art School. At the time of writing nothing seems to have come out of it but considerable ill-feeling and the noise of gaseous explosions.

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Many persons interested in art have visited the Toronto art galleries this week to see the pictures shown there by William Scott & Sons of Montreal. Some of the best known names in English, French and Dutch art are represented there. An excellent landscape by "Old" Crome is the highest valued picture in the gallery. There are two or three Corots, one excellent Daubigny, three or four by Josef Israels, a crayon sketch by Millet, several by the brothers Maris and a host of others from the brushes of artists of European renown.

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The rooms of the Toronto Architectural Sketch Club, Queen and Victoria streets, were crowded to their utmost limits last Tuesday evening when Mr. Sam Jones gave an interesting lecture on Stained Glass as a Decorative Art, which drew a hearty vote of thanks at the close. The various schemes for the decoration of the rooms were on exhibition at this meeting. Mr. J. A. Radford was awarded first place by Mr. Frank Darling the critic.

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

Last Monday evening, October 27, his worship the Mayor and Mrs. Pepler gave one of the most successful At Homes given in Barrie for some years. From 8.30 till the hour of departure, about 3 a.m., everything which could possibly assist in entertaining the guests was attended to by the host and his charming wife, who with their unfailing assistants, Mrs. T. Pepler of Toronto and Miss Edith Pepler of England, were indefatigable in their efforts. The house presented a very bright and pretty picture in which ever direction the eye rested. The conservatory was lit up by Chinese lanterns, which cast a very pretty shade on the surroundings and the veranda was similarly decorated. The cotillion which was danced by sixty was the particular feature, and the very pretty favors which were given completed the evening. The supper table presented a perfect picture from amongst the clusters of flowers; fairy lamps of various tints peeped out and added greatly to the appearance. Music was supplied by an orchestra of the town. This is a partial list of those present: Sir Cornelius and Lady Kortright, Mr. and Mrs. John Strathy, Mrs. John Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Dickenson, Mr. and Mrs. George J. Mason and Miss B. Mason, Mr. H. Strathy, Mr. and Mrs. Spotton and Miss E. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Dr. and Mrs. Palling, Mrs. Holmes, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Rev. W. Reiner and Miss Reiner, Judge and Mrs. Boys, Rev. J. Godden, Mrs. Wells, Mrs. and Miss Way, Capt. Whitehe, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, Capt. and Mrs. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. L. Beatty, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, Miss V. Mayor, Miss Hewett, Mr. George Esten, Miss Schreiber, Mr. W. Campbell, Mr. L. and Miss McCarthy of Toronto, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mrs. King of Montreal, Mr. T. and Miss Boys, Mr. Magher, Miss K. McCarthy, Miss Skill of Newburg, Mr. W. Spry, Miss Murphy, Mr. Chapman, Mr. H. Beard, Miss Symonds, Miss Colter, Dr. W. Ross, Miss M. Lally, Miss Henderson, Miss Stewart, J. Mr. R. C. Gillett.

Mr. J. Mason left last Saturday to visit friends in Toronto and other places.

Mr. T. Pepler of Toronto recently spent a few days with relatives in town.

Miss Holmes returned home last week after visiting in Toronto and Port Perry for four or five weeks.

Mr. R. C. Gillett of Toronto was in town last week.

OCULAIRE.

Bewildering Complications.

Modern Society says: We have often heard of such bewildering complications. Two Essex families have just given us a fair example. Two brothers, sons of a farmer, married two sisters, daughters of another farmer. A few hours later the father of the two brides, who was a widower, married the widowed mother of the two bridegrooms. If we have worked out the sum correctly, not only will each of the sons have the felicity of having the same mother-in-law, but that much-despised relative will be their own mother. It is not stated whether all the three couples are to live together on one of the farms. If so, we may presently look out for squalls and an interneciue warfare, to which the battle of the Kilkenny cats was child's play. Curiously enough, the two younger brides hail from Dunmow and half a century hence may have a chance of applying for the famous flitch of bacon. But it is hardly probable that they will succeed.

Did Not Need the Car Ticket.

A benevolent lady, residing within sound of St. Alphonsus' bells, was passing through Judiciary square last week when her attention was attracted to a wan-looking man sitting on one of the benches. The vagrant winds blew through his scanty hair, and, like Cassius, he was apparently weary of the world. The lady's kindly heart went out to the lone man and she spoke to him.

"Sir, you look tired. Allow me, at least, to give you car fare home," extending a nickel to him.

The old man looked quizzically at his benefactor, then smiled and quietly said:

"I am very much obliged for your kindness, madam, but I really won't need it. I am only waiting here for my carriage."

And just then an elegant coupe drove up, and the object of her charity entered into it and drove away.—*Washington Star.*

Repartee.

He (slightly rude)—I called because I thought you were out.

She (sweetly)—Well, do you know, I thought I was out too. The maid must have thought you were some one else.—*Harper's.*

*

It is expected the chrysanthemum exhibition of the Toronto Gardeners' and Florists' Club, to be held at the Pavilion, November 11 and 12, will be the finest ever given in Canada. Great preparations are being made by local florists, as plants have to be prepared almost a year in advance, for exhibition purposes. Exhibits are also coming from New York, Richmond, Ind., Short Hills, N.J., Montreal, Hamilton and other Canadian cities. The prize list comprises twenty-five sections, and it is expected that it will be all competed for. Besides chrysanthemums, there will be grand displays of cut roses, carnations, orchids and other seasonable cut flowers. There will be a musical programme given each evening.

*

The dramatic recital to be given by Mr. Grenville P. Kleiser in Association Hall Tuesday evening, November 4, is looked forward to with much interest. Mr. Kleiser will be assisted by Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Blight.

WEDDING INVITATIONS AND CARDS
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James Bain & Son
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TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

Since I last wrote of the unfortunate man who forgets his latch-key I have changed my lodgings, and yet I find on my new street another illustrious example of the careless man. This one had been to the opera, at least this was the impression made upon me as his apologies to the kind-hearted man who admitted him, floated through my transom.

To begin at the beginning: I heard him trip up the steps and try the door. A moment of silence was evidently spent in deep thought, and then he rang the bell. Such an apologetic little trinkle it was—just such a one as a pet pussy makes when his silver bell sways with the dignified motion of his sleek furry body.

That enterprise was a very flat failure. All the household seemed to be wandering through the farthest streets of the city of sleep, and the late comer moved down and fidgetted around the parlor windows. No use; the door was his only hope. He rang again, a little more decidedly this time, and the second painful silence was followed by a slow descent.

I began to think that he had gone to call softly under some chum's window, but before I had my eyelids dropped for the night he was back again, with an added sense of his dignity pervading his soul and leaping from his finger-ends. A long drawn tinkle from an electric bell in excellent order, filled the house and continued to fill it, while I heard movements above and on the same flat. Evidently the inmates were possessed with the idea that an urgent case of something required the immediate attention of everybody, and for a few moments every one in the house seemed to be moving.

Then a quick step sounded in the hall, and I heard the opening and closing of the street door, accompanied by a profusely-worded apology, which rang in and out the oft-said words, "So sorry to disturb you."

Then the house became quiet again, and I went to sleep thinking about that man, and deciding that if my latch-key had not been getting made I would have thrown it out to him—not from any overly-developed sense of generosity, or because I was so sorry for him, but because I could not possibly sleep while he was prowling about in such an apparent state of unrest.

•

A wise woman writes: "The really pleasing gracious woman rises above her raiment, and, once her toilet is complete she gives no more thought to it."

Surely that is a real definition of the charming woman who never worries about her wearing apparel. The rain may threaten, but she does not go into hysterics about her new hat or her lately-pressed gown. If it will rain, and she must be out, she had better far be cheerful, and use, for setting matters right by-and-bye, the strength which would be only waste I in grumbling at the vagaries of the rain-drops.

Then there is the fussy woman, who smoothes her draperies, and pets her ribbons, adjusts her head-gear and pushes in her hair-pins, as if her vanity were one great interrogation point asking each moment of her eyes: "How do I look?"

•

A delightful correspondent writes me her impressions regarding the little acts of gallantry which some men never fail to perform, and which are left by others entirely out of the question.

She has her own decided little opinion of a man who allows her to look after herself too much, and yet I know she can do it, for her strong bright face means plenty of self-reliance and a brave heart behind it all.

Some men are born with a most commendable spirit of chivalry, and they never for one moment relax from their careful attention to the comfort of the woman who is under their charge. Sometimes they are too fussy and bore one, but I think, Little Maiden in Brown, that all women admire an attentive man. Of course he must be gallant in spirit else the veneer of politeness will wear thin at some unexpected time, and display the hideous coarseness beneath only the more apparent and contemptible, because of the patches of false gentility clinging to its surface.

•

The city is not pleasant in autumn, and I cannot grow to like the long streets with rows of uninteresting houses. The country with its wealth of foliage, its pure air, its fences and quaint, restful people is, after all, the one place to live.

However, there is some natural beauty left, and I fairly gloated over a fantastic arrangement of leaves on a wet morning, some three weeks ago. The wind had tossed down some frost-touched maple leaves. They were not radiantly beautiful, but their soft brown hues mingled with the pure yellow tints in a very harmonious way. The rain had glued them to the pavement, and I think I never saw a prettier footway than Jarvis street was that rainy morning. The perfectly shaped leaves glistened, while the dull gray stone retreated, by the rain's aid, into a more thorough sombreness, throwing out the delicate outlines and the finely blended colors with true artistic faithfulness.

•

My Dear Orderly.—Your vague little letter was carefully read about two and a half times. I am sure you would not find a pencil marked book any indication of slovenliness. The covers should be kept in good condition certainly, but the wise things inside need to be picked out for hurried eyes to catch up when happiness is taking a holiday from life-paths.

Books need not now be done up in glass to keep for the perusal of future generations, though I must say I am thankful that my great grandfather kept so well a certain little brown-covered book. Its pages are discolored, worn at the corners, and scattered over with the old-time characters which we write "s." The diction is quaint, but the dear old centenarian holds its age well. It is one of the few books which I would not mark with a pencil, but only because it does not belong to this age. Its counsels are a little antiquated for it is—a dictionary.

•

One can nearly always find something ludicrous in flustrated anxiety, and no matter how sympathetic one may be, treacherous lips will curve into smiles. My very dear friend Comica often speaks of her keen sense of the amusing as a trouble to her, and it is this odd way of deriving fun from nearly all things that is accountable for her name.

This morning the rain put in its appearance about eight-thirty, in a very undecided way. It did not seem inclined to bear us company for long and its apparent hesitancy encouraged a good many to go forth in hope. One woman had more faith in the weather than I, for she had no umbrella. The rain came down faster, faster, until a veil of misty drops hung between me and the opposite side of the way, and this puffing woman with the ruffled temper hurried up Yonge street. She held up her dress on both sides and her feet were not dainty enough to pardon the disclosure. Her hat was shaken upon one side, and her wet bangs lay in close and unbecoming fashion upon her puckered forehead.

She was growing crosser and as she darted into the doorway of a china store, she dropped her dress, mopped her face with a grimy handkerchief and in ungentle tones she voiced her impatience with: "Drat this rain!"

I could not help laughing and yet it did seem unkind, for she was so very wet and so very earnest.

CLIP CAREW.

An Excusable Mistake.

Mr. Whitehead (who has just slepped stranger on the back)—Oh, I beg yo' pawdon, sah; thought it was my fr'en' Smithers. Yo' hab on de berry same clo's he gen'r'ly wars.

Stranger—Yes, Smithers attinded de same pokah pawty I did last ebening. He am at present confined to his room.—*Life.*

Afraid of Fire.

Average Man—My goodness! The insurance on this house ran out to day, and I forgot to renew it. Where do you keep your kerosene?

Wife—In the kitchen closet.

"Have it carefully carried outdoors at once. What sort of matches are we using?"

"Parlor matches."

"Burn every one and bring down your great-grandmother's tinder box from upstairs. Then send the servants to bed before the moon stops shining, and make sure that the kitchen range is fixed right. I'll attend to the furnace myself."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

•

The cutaway suit may almost be called the suit universal, for it is suitable to a greater variety of occasions and is more affected by all sorts and conditions of people than any other. Its convenience and comfort render it popular for business, its neatness adapts it for most social occasions, and it reaches from one end of the scale almost to the other. It is now the suit for formal dress by day. It should be worn at weddings, receptions, dinners and other formal occasions by daylight, and may be worn on any occasion but those in the evening. It may be summarized as the formal afternoon suit and the informal evening suit, for ordinary social calls, for church, for the street, for all these occasions the cutaway suit is entirely proper, though it does not by any means exclude the Prince Albert or the dress suit as regards material. It must always be borne in mind that with this suit material is of much importance; that coarse materials and bone buttons are never in place in the evening, and that the cutaway when worn socially, so to speak, must be dark and fine as to coat, while the trousers may be either dark, which is always good form, or lightish. Such are the materials and styles now being used and made up by the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

THE "PROBS"

for Christmas trade this year are the best in all our experience.

With this expectation we leave this week for New York, Philadelphia, and other markets.

Our success since moving into our present premises has exceeded our most sanguine expectations, and justify us in our determination to buy more freely than ever before.

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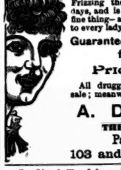

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING OUR SPECIALTY

SECOND HALF OF A TWO-PART STORY.

MRS. INGRAM'S COMPANION

At four o'clock precisely a tall, well formed young fellow with fair hair and clear blue eyes and a good-tempered bronzed face, came out of the little station, and, disregarding the blandishments of the one dingy hack and the omnibus-conductor, and several men and boys, all anxious to assist him, took his light portmanteau firmly in one hand and strode off at a good pace. He went along with the air of one familiar with the place, as in truth he was, for this was not the first time that Mrs. Ingram had honored the little town with her presence, and he had often visited her there. Presently he reached the parade and stood before the well remembered door.

He remained there for a few moments, looking dreamily over the calm blue sea, without attempting to gain admittance. He was a young man, rich, handsome, and his own master—all points in his favor—and yet he lingered like a shamefaced schoolboy, hardly daring to enter and face the three ladies within, one of whom was dearer to him than any other in the world. He had resolved to learn his fate before the day was over, before he should come so near, he wavered, for his sisters had hitherto held undisputed sway at Markham Place, and he knew that he should offend them grievously for him to venture on so grave a step without giving them the least hint of his intention.

"I wish I had said something to Mildred," he thought regretfully. "They will both be dreadfully annoyed when they hear of it—although of course I am free to marry myself, and it won't make so very much difference to them; they can stay with me until Millie is married, or there's the new house—I ordered it in order if they prefer it. My little Elna is a lady in every respect; she will make a worthy mistress for the dear old house, and far too good a wife for me; but Caroline won't think so, just because she chooses to earn her bread by bearing with aunt Ingram's whims and freaks instead of being a burden upon her own people. I wonder why a girl should be looked down upon for trying to support herself honorably. It surely is better than staying at home, adding to the poverty there! And poverty itself is only a misfortune, after all, though people often seem to consider it a crime. But my wife must be treated with respect; and there, I'm afraid, Caroline and myself will disagree. My chief hope lies in Florence—if she will espouse Elna's cause, everything will go smoothly."

"You don't seem in any great hurry to greet your loving relatives," remarked a voice at his elbow.

"I thought it was entirely on account of Aunt Ingram's health that you were coming down?"

"Florry!" He turned round and faced that young lady, as she stood in the doorway, with a smile of welcome, and an unmistakable expression of delight beaming in her gray eyes. "How bright and well you look, my dear! Young Vernon ought to have come down with me. Why weren't you at the station? I looked about for you."

"Oh, it was Aunt Ingram's fault—she has kept us all three in attendance on her ever since two o'clock! Although she was ill all last night and is as nervous as possible this morning, she insisted on dressing for your benefit; and she has had on three different dresses and twice as many caps! Carrie has fidgeted and worried Taylor into a nervous headache and poor little Elna nearly out of her wits. Not being one of her bond-slaves, I could take it more coolly. I am glad to see you, Gerald—I was just going to stroll along the parade on the chance of meeting you."

"Well, come out for a few minutes now; I want to speak a word to you before I see the others. Aunt Ingram will only think the train is ten minutes late, as she is generally it."

"You mustn't be long then," said Florence, stepping out as he placed his portmanteau in the hall, and closing the door softly. "I'm sure she'll be sending Taylor down to see if any accident has happened on the line. I know what you're going to begin about, Gerald, and once that I've done my best for you; but I don't get on as well as I should wish."

"Elna won't trust you, I suppose?" queried Gerald, in a tone of vexation. "I hoped by this time she might have learned to regard you as a friend."

"Well, we are pretty friendly, so far as that goes," replied Florence, slowly; "but she's a strange, reserved little thing. She has never mentioned her home or her relations in her way until this morning, when she spoke of a cross aunt. One discovery I've made, though—she turned scarlet when I said you were coming to-day, and she has been quite cheerful all day since. Take my advice, Gerald, and speak for yourself."

"I mean to here intending to do so," said Gerald. "But first I want you to make me a promise—and, if you make it, I know you will keep it. If Elna consents to my wish, there'll be a great to-do with aunt Ingram and my sisters, especially with Caroline, and I am perfectly certain that they will make themselves disagreeable to her in every possible way. Now, if you will stand her friend through it all, and do your best towards making things smooth for her, I feel sure of your case about the matter. I cannot bear the idea of breaking in upon my little darling's peaceful life and plunging her into an atmosphere of family squabbles and unpleasantness, such as will certainly fall to her share if Caroline and aunt Ingram unite against her."

"You may depend upon my friendship for Elna, of course," answered Florence, looking up at him with wondering eyes. "But, Gerald, you don't call her present life a peaceful one, do you? If so, you must have a queer idea of peace. Why, aunt Ingram is always worrying her—she must be reading or writing, sewing or talking the whole day long! The work of a governess is nothing to it—one can keep children under—but to be our dear aunt's paid companion is simply slavery."

"But she is kind after her fashion, and fond of Elna, I really believe," said Gerald.

"Is she?" exclaimed Florence, scornfully. "Then I must say I have failed to perceive it hitherto. You should have dined with us yesterday, and heard the way in which Elna was worried and scolded all the time, until at last she rushed out of the house and spent the rest of the afternoon down by the castle, though it was a very cold day and raining very fast, and I had a few words on the subject after she was gone, and I can give you the result of our tiff. She dropped some remarks about your visit here which surprised me—talked about putting you off, although I know she is generally so pleased to see you. By displaying the most profound indifference to her first cross hints, I led her on to enlarge upon them pretty freely, and thus I gathered two valuable little scraps of information—first, that her first cross was suspicious about you, and, secondly, that Elna's engagement is to be cut short at Christmas."

"Do you mean that she is to leave aunt Ingram?"

"Of course I do; she is to be sent off out of your way. I've done all in my power, Gerald, but must manage the rest for yourself. But do come in now, or there will be such a fuss."

"One moment, Florence," said Gerald, detaining her—"you are sure of what you have told me—there is no mistake about it, I suppose?"

"How can there be any mistake? It was broad daylight, and I was quite awake."

"Then I shall speak directly; and, remember, I rely upon you to stand Elna's friend."

"You may do that with safety," replied Florence, as she pushed open the hall door; "but she is a brave little thing, and, with you to look up to, she won't need much of my assistance."

They went up together to the sitting-room, where Mrs. Ingram, in gray silk and Irish point-lace, was waiting to receive them.

"My dear boy, how late you are!" said the old lady, rising feebly. "I began to think something had happened to your train—one reads of so many shocking railway accidents now. I am glad to see you are quite safe. Ring the bell, Florence; Elna must be tired, she can make the tea; we'll drink ours while Gerald eats his chop. Sit here, my boy, and tell me how you left them all at Hyde—or would you rather go to your room first?"

"I'll just run up and have a wash. My old room, I suppose?" answered Gerald, glancing anxiously round in search of Elna, and noting the scattered sewing materials upon the little table and the chair pushed on one side, as though somebody had risen in haste.

Florence put the young fellow's thoughts into words as she turned to ring the bell.

"Why is Elna not here to tea? I thought Miss Campbell always did it?"

"Miss Campbell has gone to lie down—she has a headache," replied Mrs. Ingram curtly.

"You shall have some hot water sent up directly, Gerald—Taylor will attend to it."

"A headache!" exclaimed Florence, in surprise. "Why, it must have come on very suddenly! She was all right when I went out."

"It did come on very suddenly," rejoined Mrs. Ingram; "but please to get the tea made and send her up a cup. She won't come down again this evening."

Gerald went off to his room without speaking, and Florence, with a puzzled look upon her face, busied herself at the tea-table, quietly resolving to find out the reason of Elna's sudden indisposition. As soon as her cousin returned, she moved towards the door.

"Where are you going?" asked her aunt, looking after her.

"To carry up my hat and gloves," replied Florence, coloring. "I don't like to see them littering the place down here."

"There is no need for you to trouble. Taylor will take them when she goes up with Miss Campbell's tea."

"No, indeed," returned Florence, with a defiant glance. "I like to put away my things myself; and, besides, I am going to offer Miss Campbell some eau-de-Cologne."

With this parting thrust she walked off, leaving Gerald to make peace for her. But Mrs. Ingram changed the subject, conversed amiably about the wind and the weather, and not once did she give him the opportunity of introducing Elna's name.

"She must be sound asleep, surely!" thought Florence, after tapping several times at Elna's bed-room door. "What a very odd thing! Miss Campbell," she cried, trying to turn the handle as she spoke, "won't you just let me in to give you this eau-de-Cologne? I'm sure it would do your head good."

There was a moment's pause, then the sound of a hasty step across the room, the door flew back noisily, and Elna stood in the opening, her cheeks scarlet, her eyes sparkling with anger, and her hair pushed away from her hot face, while the afternoon sun, streaming in at the window, made the wall look like a golden background for the slight girlish figure, now drawn up to its full height. Florence stepped back, rather startled.

"What's the matter?" she asked invariably.

"Nothing," was the sharp reply; "but I wish to be left alone."

"Has aunt Ingram been cross?" inquired Florence, of her double.

For one moment Elna looked at her without speaking, then she exclaimed, in a tone of mingled anger and contrition—

"Cross! No; but she has said something that I shall never forget and never forgive! If I had a single friend within traveling distance to-night, I would not stay in this house an hour longer; and you may tell her what I say if you like!"

Before Florence could speak the door was shut and locked again, and, feeling the impotency of soothing remarks when uttered through a closed door, she turned away, and walked slowly downstairs.

"How silly of me to leave them alone together!" she thought to herself. "Aunt Ingram was so vexed at the cross hints, that it might have known something disastrous would come of it. Here is an evening lost; and how annoyed Gerald will be!"

Since her residence with Mrs. Ingram, Elna has often been obliged to bear disappointment philosophically and to put up with unpleasant remarks patiently and with a fairly good grace. However, there was a limit even to the meekness and long-suffering of the penniless, nearly friendless little dependant; and that afternoon Mrs. Ingram had witnessed such an outbreak of indignation on the part of her companion as had considerably astonished the old lady.

Sitting waiting for Gerald, arrayed in all the glory of rich gray silk and beautiful lace, she had noticed that Miss Campbell's toilette also was more *recherche* than usual, the ordinary gray stuff dress having been exchanged for a fresh clear blue and white muslin; there was a glossy blue bow finishing off the trimming at the throat, and a similar one resting among the soft waves of brown hair above, and Mrs. Ingram noticed the bright expectant look upon the girl's face, so different from her usual expression of quiet indifference. Could there be any foundation for Caroline Markham's suspicions? Could Gerald possibly be deceiving her and coming down purposely to see this girl who was so much beneath him, and was no doubt be eager to take advantage of any chance of raising herself? Pride and jealousy struggled together in her heart, as she furtively watched the sweet bowed head and busily-moving fingers. Her wrath increased as she thought of Gerald's choosing such a girl to rule at Markham Place—Gerald, who might have been an earl's daughter and whose ancient lineage and broad acres gave him a right to seek a wife among the highest in the land. The old lady had never made any pretence of caring for her nieces, though they had always contrived to keep on friendly terms with her; but Gerald had been her darling from his very birth, and she felt a sharp bitter pang at her heart, which was selfish even in its love, when she thought of a second rival coming between them, and that person her companion.

As Florence left the room, Mrs. Ingram's gathering anger had suddenly broken forth in cruel words.

"While my nephew is here, Miss Campbell, you will please not to leave me without permission."

Elna looked up questioningly. She was accustomed to hearing enigmatical remarks, but she could not discover the real meaning of this one.

"I mean," explained the old lady, gazing steadily at the girl with her cold gray eyes, "that, if he, out of courtesy, asks you to walk or go out on the water, or anything of that kind, with him or Miss Markham, you had better refuse. I speak for your good; intimacy between young people of different positions in life is often attended by unhappy results, and my nephew must marry his equal in rank, though fortune is of little moment to him."

Slowly the color had faded from Elna's face—her heart seemed to stop beating; but she raised her eyes to Mrs. Ingram's bravely, and asked, in a quiet voice:

"What has Mrs. Markham's marriage to do with me, ma'am? Why do you think it necessary to tell me that?"

"Why?" repeated the old lady angrily. "Do you dare ask me such a question? Aren't you decked out this afternoon for his benefit; and can you deny that you were thinking of him and laying your plans as you sat there at work? Don't imagine that I am too old and too blind to notice what is going on around me; and, even if I were, others can see. His own sister has written and warned me to watch you."

"Is Gerald Markham a child or an idiot?" exclaimed Elna, springing to her feet and trembling with indignation. "Cannot he be trusted to take care of himself without his sister's protection?"

"You forget yourself, Miss Campbell!" said the old lady severely. "I am speaking solely for your good. Young men are impulsive and inconsiderate, and the hope of being the mistress of Markham Place would no doubt be a great temptation to you; but such a marriage would be fraught with misery to you both, and I know that Gerald's life would be marred for want of a little plain speaking."

"You have spoken quite plainly enough, Mrs. Ingram," rejoined Elna, no longer able to suppress her anger, as she crossed the room and stood for a moment before the old lady's chair. "You have so good an idea that I am a designing fortune-seeker, and that I am laying traps to snare your nephew into making me his wife. I shall not attempt to refute your shameful accusation, for you must know how false it is; but while he remains here I shall keep to my room, and you may explain that fact as you please. And one thing you shall have the pleasure of hearing—Markham Place might have been mine had I so chosen. Your nephew needed no entreaties to induce me to strive to avoid him, thinking he might be engaged to his cousin. Now Florence shall hear the whole matter from beginning to end, and she shall judge between you and me."

The thought that perhaps she had gone too far entered Mrs. Ingram's mind as Elna turned towards the door, so she called imperatively to her to come back; but the girl held on her way, closed the door behind her, and went upstairs to her own room.

Elna did not weep over her disappointment, bitter though it was; nor did she give vent to her anger against Mrs. Ingram even after Miss Markham. After the first outbreak of indignation, she hardly bestowed a thought upon either of those amiable ladies, but sat down upon a low box in the poorly-furnished room to muse over her weary, dull, and hopeless life, from which every ray of sunshine seemed to have withdrawn. Gerald's friendship was very precious to her, and, though she had tried to think of his love as a forbidden thing, yet her heart leaped at the mere mention of his name and at the thought of his approach. Not even for his dear sake, however, could she endure such treatment as she had that day received; it would be better to return home and refuse to accept her aunt's meagre hospitality than to remain so near him only to be watched narrowly by his anxious relatives.

Sitting quietly, her thoughts travelled back slowly over the past two years to the bright spring morning when he had suddenly came upon her, as she sat in a secluded corner of Mrs. Ingram's flower-garden, and introduced himself in a good-natured off-hand way which amused her greatly. They were friends quickly enough, and, as the summer drew near, Gerald came to the cottage more and more frequently, always to his aunt's great satisfaction, with something for the old lady's special delight—some rare flowers from his conservatory or choice fruit from his hot-houses, or a new book which had been sent from London and might interest her, or an offer to execute any commissions she might have in the county-town. And, when he had sat by her chair and listened to the recital of her troubles and sufferings, and had sympathized as heartily as he could in woes which were to some extent imaginary, he would ask for some luncheon, and, while it was being served, would, under pretence of looking round the garden, step out of the low French window, and there find Elna, expectant, radiant with happiness, and looking every time more and more beautiful. They spoke but little, and very seldom indeed of love, though its mystic light shone in Elna's dark eyes and his passionate devotion prompted Gerald to treasure up the words gathered for him and to press upon his lips to the little hand that offered the simple bouquet. Then the loud sound of the dinner-bell would break in upon their tête-a-tête, minutes of happiness, and the unsuspecting Mrs. Ingram would receive her nephew again. Threads of gold in the dull gray fabric of her existence were these brief meetings to Elna, and, cheered by their frequent occurrence, the greater part of her two years as Mrs. Ingram's companion passed away.

Then came a change; Gerald went abroad with his friends, and Mrs. Ingram took it into her head to spend the summer months with her nieces at Markham Place.

That was an ill-omened visit for Elna's hopeful, trusting love. To sit day by day in the society of Gerald's three fair-faced, haughty ladies, to be looked upon by them as an animated machine necessary to their aunt's comfort, and requiring no consideration in any way; to hear the probability of Gerald's marriage and the hopes and fears of the sisters with regard to his choice of a bride openly discussed; to find that the daughters of the neighboring squires, with one or two exceptions, were reckoned far beneath him in birth and in fortune—all these things were more by no means encouraging to the penniless girl, a merchant's orphan daughter, who had presumptuously dared to raise her eyes to the young master of the house. Elna suffered in silence, and learned to sit quietly listening to all the little speeches which struck and wounded her poor heart like so many barbed arrows, until she grew hopeless and miserable, and felt hardened even against Gerald himself, who, she knew, was coming back to her, and, little town, so far removed from Caroline Markham's influence, Elna could not prevent the thought from dwelling upon one image that filled her heart, nor upon the happy moments they had spent together, and recalling every precious word Gerald had ever spoken to her. She could not keep herself from dreaming sweet dreams of what might have come to pass had she been richer or Gerald not so rich.

These thoughts, and many others, passed through her mind as she sat in her useless finery and watched the slowly-changing sky through the open window of her room. After Florence's interruption, she was suffered to remain in peace, for, though Taylor tapped softly at the door and placed the tea cup on the floor outside, Elna did not notice the movement; and it was not until evening had fallen and the buzz of voices below told her that all the fashionable world was gathering upon the parade, that she remembered her present troubles. Then she arose, feeling stiff and chilly, and went to the window.

It was a fine evening—a fitting close for so glorious a day. There lay the peaceful sea in the clear, soft moonlight, with the little boats gliding about, their dark hulls outlined against the Afar off there were beacon-lights, looking dim just now, but waiting their turn to shine out brightly and warningly when the moon should disappear. Elna stood with her eyes fixed upon a revolving light, watching it appear and disappear; while she wondered what they were doing in the room below, whether Gerald had asked after her, what he thought of her absence, and what excuse Mrs. Ingram had invented for it, until her musings were cut short to flight by the approach of the band, which came marching along to a popular tune, and took its position within a few yards of the house. She turned away in sudden impatience, and lifted her hat from the table.

"I'll slip out," she said to herself; "nobody will miss me, and the evening breeze will do my head good. I'll go on to the North Parade, away from all those people—it's sure to be quiet and lonely enough there, and I shall be out of the way of this dreadful band."

Throwing a warm shawl around her, she stepped out of the room, nearly upsetting the neglected tea-cup on the landing, stole softly downstairs and past the sitting-room, and opened the front door in safety. In spite of all her precautions, however, she could not help making a slight noise in closing the door behind her; and, curiously enough, Gerald Markham, who happened to be sitting close to the window, was suddenly seized with a violent desire to smoke a cigar on the parade.

"You needn't go out to smoke," said Mrs. Ingram, graciously, when he expressed his intention of deserting her for a few minutes. "The smell never affects me; and I am sure your cousin does not mind it."

"Not I," declared Florence, in her careless way; "but I fancy our good landlady will not be pleased if he carries her curtains and antimacassars smell of tobacco; and it's sure to set Taylor coughing when she brings in the wine glasses. You'd better go outside, I think, Gerald."

Gerald thought so, too, and went rejoicingly. He walked along in front of the sea, keeping a sharp look-out for the Elna, who was missing.

The search was not a long one; at the farther end of the deserted North Parade stood Elna, leaning against the wooden barrier and watching the white-crested waves as they broke on the shingle below.

Gerald summoned up all his courage—for Mrs. Ingram's anger was no joke—and then, the uncertain flight he could see the bright happy look of surprise and joy that illumined every feature. For one brief moment she forgot everything in the sudden delight of seeing him again—Mrs. Ingram's cruel words, Miss Markham's suspicions, her own recent suffering, and the bitterness of humiliation to least—all these people at once and for ever, and to seek refuge with the only person in the world with whom she could claim kindred; all this passed through her mind, and, with a sudden movement, she drew aside, turning her face towards the moonlit sea.

"I need hardly tell you, dear, dearest—I know aunt Ingram is the prime mover in this business; tell me the truth about it."

Elna made no reply; unwilling to accuse her patroness, she was yet unable to deny the fact.

"Listen to me, Edna," he went on. "I have come here expressly for the purpose of asking you a question—one that ought to have been asked long ago, before I went abroad. Do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

"I love you, Gerald," she replied, in a low, tremulous tone; "but that makes no difference. I cannot be your wife."

"And the reason, Edna?"

"There are many reasons."

"I see. Pride stands in the way, or you don't love me well enough to share my unlucky fortune—as though money could separate us! I thought better things of my Edna."

"It is not that," said the girl, feeling forced to defend herself.

"Well, I am never enough to guess it. Your answer would be very different if aunt Ingram had not been lecturing you. But I must decide this matter, you know, and I thought you had made long ago. Florence has known it for many months, and by this time she has told Caroline. Now surely you won't humiliate me by a refusal?"

Alas for Edna's stoical resolutions—they were all vanishing like letters traced upon the seashore, and she said, for a moment they both stood silent, and then Gerald spoke again.

"Am I to have an answer? Even if there should be a little unpleasantness, is not your love strong enough to carry you through for my sake?"

"For your sake I could do anything," declared Edna, with quivering lips.

"Then I will repeat my question once more. Do you love me well enough to be my wife?"

Then, Gerald's voice sounded softly; and he sealed the answer with a kiss.

* * * * * * *

Meanwhile Florence Markham had been making the best use of her time. She had plunged into her subject as soon as Gerald was fairly beyond recall. Mrs. Ingram knitted and listened, calmly enough to all appearance; but, when Taylor looked at the sock afterwards, it took her hours to pick up the dropped stitches.

"And you mean to say that you have allowed this to go on, knowing as you did, what my plans and intentions were?"

"It was no business of mine," answered Florence, coolly; "and, as to your plans, I certainly have heard of some absurd notion about Gerald and myself, but it was too ridiculous to be taken in earnest."

"And why so, if you please?" inquired Mrs. Ingram, whose sole desire at that moment was to quarrel with somebody. "Isn't he good enough for your high-flown ideas?"

"Well, hardly. He's a very good fellow in his way, you know, but he is not quite my style."

The old lady rose, almost too enraged to speak.

"Explain yourself, Florence Markham!" she gasped.

"I was about to do so. You see, aunt, I'm sure nature intended me for a clergyman's wife; so Frank Vernon and I are going to try if we can get through life together."

"You would marry that—that pauper, with only a hundred a-year to live upon!"

"Just now that is his exact income; but Gerald has promised to give him Hurst when the Vicar dies. He is over eighty-six, poor old man, so he can't live very long; and we're not at all in a hurry."

"And pray why was I never informed of all this second plot?"

"Well, I came down intending to tell you about Frank, but you've been so awfully cross for the last few days that I couldn't find an opportunity."

There was no help for it—Mrs. Ingram felt that at once. Gerald was not a man to be turned from his purpose; and disappointed she she might manifest would fall very lightly upon him; while to her, on the contrary, anything like an outspoken reproach from her nephew would be bitter indeed. The blow was a severe, but hardly an unexpected one, for Caroline Markham had a letter that morning ready prepared for her to it. To see her late companion taking at Markham Place would be a sharp trial and humiliation, but to be shut out from that house herself by her own act, to be separated from the only member of her family for whom she felt any affection, would be a greater punishment still. So, like a true woman, she determined to make a virtue of stern necessity, and to behave civilly to Edna for Gerald's sake. Poor little Mrs. Ingram's companion became Gerald Markham's wife.

THE END.

A Great Matrimonial Agency.

The latest scheme evolved from the brain of General Booth of Salvation Army fame, is a great matrimonial agency. "Millions of thousands of men," he says, "are there in far-away parts of the earth who would be glad to get good wives and who cannot get them! How many women are there in the ranks of our home society who would make the best of wives, but who remain spinsters! Would it not be touching our social conditions intimately if those two classes, by some proper method, could be brought in touch with each other? It may seem a surprising notion, this, to some people at first sight, but, believe me, there is a great deal in it."

General Booth has done so much good in his day that one does not like to throw cold water on any plan he may promulgate for improving social conditions, but, as a rule, are people match-makers. They lack the tact necessary to make two people of opposite sexes understand how thoroughly indispensible they are to each other's happiness. Why not let the spinsters woo for themselves? Women know what men want and what is good for them far better than they do themselves. Some one has said that "a woman never reveals more sweetness and delicacy than when she comes to the assistance of a lover who feels himself restrained by bashfulness, or who hardly realizes that he does love, and that it would be good for him to do so."

"Do not of a coming-on disposition, as Rosalind puts it, let her woo; and once the ball has been started a-rolling, people will forget to think of it as immodest."—*Illustrated American.*

An Honest Heart.

He—Have you, then, no serious moments?

She—Oh, yes. There are times when I think it isn't just right for a girl to be nagged to more than three fellows at once, but I find a good deal more fun in being frivolous.—*Munsey's Weekly.*

A Thoughtful Parent.

Petted Daughter—Papa, what has come over you? I never had a wish you were not anxious to gratify, and you even anticipated my wants and handed me money for all sorts of things I hadn't even thought of. But now I have to ask you for every cent I need, and you even grumble and ask if I think you are made of money, and you rail at woman's extravagance and invariably ask me what on earth I did with the last check, or dollar, or dime you gave me. Don't you love me any more?

Papa—My darling, I love you as much as ever, but you are soon to be married, and I am trying to gradually prepare you for the change.

Made Him Sick.

Doctor (on ocean steamer)—You turn too much come, I see, sir. Allow me to—

Sea-Sick Passenger (an old bachelor)—N-o, n-o, doctor. It—It will soon pass off. It isn't sea—sea-sickness. I looked too long at those—those bridal couples.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

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Ought She To Marry?

The consulting rooms of the famous Dr. H—— were crowded. The usual air of dreariness pervaded the spacious and handsomely furnished apartments; the usual class of literature was strewn about the tables; the usual lack of everything savoring of brightness or loveliness impressed the stranger with a sense of desolation and sadness; the darkened hush within, which formed so great a contrast to the busy street and bright sunshine without, was only broken by the ticking of the clock, an impatient sigh, or a valiant but unsuccessful attempt to carry on a whispered conversation.

From time to time the door opened, and Solemnity, in the shape of a man-servant, lifted up his voice, and, as though inviting the next villain to prepare for execution, uttered the name of the fortunate person who was to be ushered into the presence of the oracle whom they had come to consult.

In a chair by the heavily-curtained windows sat a lady, who apparently preferred to commune with her own thoughts rather than to seek recreation in the madly-exciting volumes of *Punch*, or to improve her mind by studying the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, or the fascinating mysteries of Burke's Peerage.

This lady, who was thus wantonly wasting golden opportunities in the way of time and literature, differed from the other occupants of the room in that she was alone.

Whether young or old, pretty or plain, it would have been difficult to decide, for the light was far from brilliant, and a thick veil covered her face; but the simple elegance of her dress and an indefinable grace of pose, sufficed to attract the desultory curiosity of those around her.

For one hour she had sat patiently, with her gloved hands lying listlessly before her, seemingly impervious alike to the fatigue of waiting, and to the fact that by this unexpected delay she was running the risk of very great inconvenience.

"Miss Lorrimer!"

The melancholy functionary who presided over the ceremony of initiation stood on the threshold, and with woebegone mien announced her name.

At the sound she rose, and made her way towards the door, no trace of hesitation in the stately walk, no sign of the throbbing heart and blanched cheek in the stately head carried so proudly. Along the passage, down the steps, and she stood before the man on whose sentence she depended for that which to her meant more than life.

"Good morning! Kindly take that chair."

The usual formula fell on her ears with a shock that almost frightened her.

Years had passed since she had heard that voice, and yet it seemed to her but a day since she had listened to the gentle tones, tinged with an accent that argued a far distant fatherland.

"Would you mind raising your veil?"

With trembling hands she complied, and disclosed to his view a face that, despite its deadly pallor, was most beautiful in its sympathetic refinement.

"I seem to remember your face," said the doctor, reflectively. "Have you been to me before?"

"My mother was one of your patients," she answered, forcing herself to speak slowly and distinctly. "I am Margaret Lorrimer."

"Lorrimer! Lorrimer!" repeated the physician as though searching in the depths of his memory for some clue which mockingly evaded him. "What!" he exclaimed, suddenly. "Lorrimer of Dublin!"

She bent her head silently.

An expression of infinite compassion swept over her interlocutor's keen face.

"I remember you perfectly," he said, kindly. "I trust nothing is wrong, Miss Lorrimer!"

Twice she essayed to speak, but in vain. Then, summoning all her strength of will, she answered him.

"Excuse my stupidity," she said, humbly; "but I have thought so much of this interview, have planned for it so long, that, now that it has come, I am unnerved."

"Talk as slowly as you like," he replied, quietly. "Don't try to control yourself too much. You need not mind giving way before me, you know."

"I will try and be brief," she said, gratefully. "I only want to ask one question. Ought I to—am I justified in marrying?" she ended, desperately.

"In marrying!" repeated the doctor. "My dear young lady——"

But she interrupted him.

"My mother was mad when I was born," she said, her cheeks flushing crimson. "She recovered, and came back to live at home. When I was a child of twelve the madness returned; and she attempted to kill me. Again she recovered, and my father brought her home. But though she was our idol, I never forgot the past, and my terror of her was only counteracted by my intense love for her. When I was a girl of eighteen I was awakened by screams. I rushed upstairs, and saw her strangle my little brother. You attended her always, doctor. You know the secret of my white hair—blanched with the agony of that awful night. You know the skeleton of our family—the curse of our home! Tell me, am I justified in marrying?"

He sat silent, watching the pathetic face and the changing, star-like eyes.

Margaret Lorrimer rose, and stood before him.

"Do you know what my life has been for the last twelve years?" she said, steadily. "A living death! Night after night, when I go to bed, I see it all again—see the child struggling, hear his heart-rending sobs, strive to save my darling, see her face!"

She paused, shuddering.

"Day by day I watch to see if the demon of insanity looks from out my sister's eyes—my own eyes! Look at my father, with his wrecked hopes, old before his time!—look at my Uncle Andrew, playing with a doll in his rooms as a private asylum! I want truth," she cried—"hard, bitter truth! Is this curse hereditary! Am I justified in marrying?"

Still he sat silent, knowing full well how great a relief was the outpouring of these thoughts, so carefully hidden from all others.

"My sister is married," she said, with a break in her sweet voice; "her little ones are well and healthy; she is happy. Is there any reason why I should sacrifice myself? I am always calm, always collected; I arrange everything; I transact all our business. The lawyers tell me I have a splendid head for such things. I can study hard, solve problems; I can——Oh, Doctor Hayles," she cried, wringing her slender hands, while the piteous tears streamed down her face, "tell me there is no fear; tell me you see no reason——"

"I have never given a thought to marriage," she continued, brokenly; "I have never given a thought to love; but, oh, doctor, now it is different! I struggled so hard against it; I tried my best to overcome it; I went away and fought with it. It is useless! I told him I would answer him to-morrow. What am I to say!

"I love him!" she cried passionately—"love him with all my soul! but I love him too well to risk his happiness for the sake of my selfish wishes. Tell me," she cried, earnestly, "tell me the truth—the truth! Ought I to marry!"

The doctor rose, a troubled look on his worn, intellectual face.

"My dear lady," he said, almost tenderly, "what am I to say! You know as much as I can tell you. You may live to be an old woman, and never suffer the faintest indication of this terrible disease. You might marry, and still all be well; but beyond this I can guarantee nothing. Your disease is hereditary. It has been transmitted for generations in your mother's family. Your sister was born before the appearance of insanity in your mother. There are, therefore, chances in her favor. I cannot advise you in this, Margaret."

She put up her hands to her face as though she had been struck.

"I must give him up!" she moaned.

In mute sympathy the physician stood by, all his world-famed skill and learning powerless to aid.

"I would I could give you better comfort," he said, gently.

She turned and looked at him, in the lustrous eyes the steadfast light of an unflinching pur pose.

"It is all over," she said simply. "I thank you for your sympathy, Doctor Hayles."

He took her two hands in his, and wrung them cordially. "You are a brave woman!" he said, with genuine admiration.

"I am an unhappy woman," she corrected, sadly. "God grant me strength to do what I know is right! Many, many thanks, doctor, and good-bye."

The same evening Margaret Lorrimer stood by her lover's side, listening in dumb agony to his impassioned pleadings, entreaties, protestations.

"I will not take your answer!" he declared. "I refuse to take your answer, unless you tell me it is because you do not love me."

"Surely you know me well enough, Roland," she said, wistfully, "to be certain I would not give you needless pain! I cannot marry you! With that you must be satisfied."

His handsome face flushed an angry red.

"You are as cold as stone," he said bitterly. "It is not worthy of you to resort to subterfuges like other women. Tell me why you refuse me!"

"It is not worthy of you," she returned, gently, "to force me into unwilling explanations."

"Oh, Margaret," he said, hoarsely, "forgive me! I am mad with grief and love! Do you know what life means to me without you!"

"I have already told you it must be so," she said, wearily. "Roland, you must leave me! I can bear no more!"

He turned and rested his burning eyes on her fair face.

"My sweetheart," he whispered, with ineffable tenderness, "is there no hope for me!"

"None!" she replied. "Leave me, Roland; it is useless to prolong our interview."

"You are sending me from you forever," he said, reproachfully, "and yet you grudge me a moment!"

"Forever!" she murmured.

"I cannot see you day by day—be near you—hear your voice—touch your hand, and be no more to you than any one of your acquaintances! My only chance is never to see you again, Margaret!"

She looked up at him, the sight of his pain almost destroying her self-control.

"If I have been to blame," she said, brokenly, "forgive me!"

"To blame!" he repeated, scornfully. "You cannot prevent people loving you. I shall never forget you, Margaret—never cease to love you! Is it your last word, my darling?"

She bowed her head silently, speechless with emotion.

Perhaps he saw permission in the sweet face—in the tearful eyes—or perhaps his sorrow gave him courage, for he stooped down and kissed the mouth with tenderness too great for passion.

"Go—go!" she said, breathlessly.

"Heaven bless you!" he whispered; then loosed her from his embrace, and left her without another word.

For a moment she stood motionless; then slowly went away, and sought the quiet of her own room.

Locking the door, she groped her way to the window, opened it, and knelt down.

The square below was covered with snow, dazzling in its whiteness, but she was unconscious of the cold.

Suddenly stretching out her arms to the far-distant heavens, she cried aloud in her anguish.

"Oh, Death," she moaned, "miscalled the King of Terrors, come quickly! Let me lie down in thy cold embrace, and sleep that sleep which knoweth no awakening! Lay thy cold hand in mine, and lull this sorrowing heart into eternal rest! Make no long tarrying, oh, thou mighty one!"

The keen wind blew from the east, and played havoc with her soft curls, and brought color into her pale cheeks.

The glittering stars studding the clear sky looked down indifferently on her sad, upturned face. And when the chill morning broke, Margaret Lorrimer arose from her weary vigil, and with unshrinking courage she faced the coming day.

And thus she lives still—a woman whose sweet nature has bore no thought that is unkindly, no feeling that is not full of sympathy for all who need it.

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Wasn't Missed.

A citizen who stands pretty well in his own estimation, and, for that matter, in the estimation of the public also, went abroad for a period of two years. When he returned to Detroit, the first man he met was an old friend, who was about to pass him with a cool bow.

"What's the matter!" asked the returned traveler. "Ain't you going to speak to a fellow after such an absence!"

"Absence! Been out of town!"

"Out of town. Why, man alive, I've been two years in Europe."

"No! Can't be possible. Why I never missed you," said his friend.

The other turned away in anger and buttonholed an old chum, to whom he said:

"Well, I've got back."

"Been over to N' York!" asked the chum.

"Thunder, man! I've been to the Old World!" exclaimed the disgruntled voyagier.

"You don't seem so!" was the amazed retort of the solemn looking chum.

The next acquaintance remarked as he stopped a moment, "I haven't seen you for a week or two. Had hay fever!"

That broke the combination. The returned traveler got on his dignity and declined to notice any more of his townsmen till they sent a brass band round to serenate him, and he learned that it was a put up job to take him down a little. It is so hard to persuade the average mortal that he never will be missed.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Contrasts.

The man who writes the jokes.

The man who slaps you on the back and tells them to you.

—*Puck.*

A Snake Glass.

"Do you have much excitement down here on the beach?"

"Oh, yes. With a good glass I can see sea-serpents almost any day."

"A good glass of what?"

The Why of It.

"I like the novels of Besant and Rice; they'll live. They're the kind that stick."

"Yes; like pitch."

"Like pitch?"

"Of course; because they're bi-tu-men."—*Judge.*

The Wicked.

Little Boy—Paps, when the preacher talked about wicked people he didn't look at the congregation, he looked up in the air. Why was that?

Papa—He was probably looking at the choir.—*New York Weekly.*

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Music.

How very thin and light the orchestration of Les Huguenots sounded on Wednesday night of last week after the magnificent fullness of Lohengrin! I heard this on all sides, even from those who would not on any account pose as Wagner 'cranks"; from some, indeed, who do not know—who only felt—the difference between Wagner and Meyerbeer. One friend said that it was a pity that such a fine orchestra should sit there and have nothing to do. Even what little they had to do was not particularly well done. The chords accompanying the recitatives were very tardily brought in. The chorus was not as good in its work as one might have expected from so fine an organization. The Blessing of the Poniards especially suffered from the lack of accentuation and crispness, and this splendid chorus was decidedly blurred and pointless in its rendition. Miss Emma Juch sang beautifully, as did Mr. Hedmondt when he overcame the faulty intonation which spoiled his efforts in the early evening. Both sang magnificently in the last act, which was a combination of lyric and histrionic excellence rarely equalled upon our boards. The fine vocalization of Miss Carlotta Maconda as Queen Marguerite was another striking feature. Her voice is rich and full, and perfect in intonation, and she sang the difficult florid music with engaging ease. Mr. Rathjens appeared to much better advantage as Nevers than he did as Telramund, and sang nobly. Miss Macnichol gave a pleasing rendering of the Liet's Signori aria, marred however by negligent scale work. Mr. J. C. Miron's St. Bris was an excellent performance. Mr. Franz Vetta's Marcel was a good piece of acting, but, strange to say, his singing might be called "ranting," so exaggerated was it in its accentuation and phrasing.

•

The Little Tycoon is a clever combination of light and trivial music, good scenery and excellent performers. The music is waltzy, song and dancy, and reminiscent, with one song, Love Comes Like a Summer Sigh, that hangs about one like the odour of flowers. The orchestration is commonplace in the extreme, but Mr. Willard Spenser, the author, composer, proprietor, and manager, is clever enough to bring some of his own musicians with him so that the excellence with which everything was done atones largely for its trivality. The chorus is good, and for a wonder, has been deemed worthy of sufficient attention, to be made crisp and smart in its singing.

•

Miss Laura Willard looks well and sings well. She has a fine mezzo soprano voice, full and rich, and she sings with great taste and with a notable abandon. Miss Madeline Lucette has some pleasing work to do and sings her part very acceptably. Miss Alice Hosmer, on the look out for a whale, contributes her portion of the fun very naturally. Mr. J. H. Ryley, always a favorite here, has not such an extravagant part as General Knickerbocker as usually falls to his share, but his refined comedy work in it makes it go with all parts of the house. His topical song has been heard here before from Miss Kate Castleton I believe. The tenor, Mr. J. Aldrich Libby and the baritone, Mr. Arthur Pacie are both young men and sing extremely well. And—a gift to be thankful for—the chorus is young and good looking, and it is a real pleasure to listen to their fresh, tuneful voices. The scenery is good, especially the Japanese garden scene with its colored incandescent lights. The Little Tycoon altogether is excellently staged and managed, and has afforded amusement to many this week.

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The phenomenal financial success of Young Blatchford Kavanagh might readily be supposed to draw forth many imitators who hope, or whose parents hope, to gather in a similar goodly array of shekels. One of these was young Eddie Leo, who sang here on Tuesday and Wednesday. He was not to be compared to young Kavanagh, either as to the phenomenal character of voice or as to his artistic capability. Of course he is about three years younger, and that makes a great difference. But people do not pay for the great difference. They pay for actual value. The Toronto management is in no wise to be blamed for this, as they accepted what was offered them in good faith. Young Leo has a voice which is fairly round and full, and yet cannot be called pretty or pleasing in an æsthetic sense. He has compass but his upper notes sound very labored. The poor little fellow had travelled for twenty-four hours, and was tired when he commenced (another thing the public should not have to make allowance for). He improved as he sang and his voice became brighter. It has a good carrying quality and would doubtless be a striking feature in a church service, but in such a bald place as the Pavilion, there was no glamour to aid him. Of course one admires the performances of such a little boy, but they have no artistic value, only that of curiosity.

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His support was very good. Mrs. Clara Barnes-Holmes has improved in voice and style since her last visit to Toronto, and she sang beautifully and looked—the same. Mr. Harold Jarvis' popularity grows each time that he sings, a result that he deserves by his conscientious and painstaking work. His management of the *mezza-voce* should be a model to our young singers. He is a singer with sympathy and taste and his renditions are artistic and grateful to the listener. Mrs. Adamson played exceedingly well, with a very rich, sympathetic tone, and Mr. Herbert L. Clarke was as usual a deserved favorite. I have been speaking of the first concert. The noteworthy features of the other concerts I shall refer to next week.

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Some very excellent quartette singing was shown by the Swedish Male Quartette on Monday and Tuesday evening, at the concerts given at the West End Y. M. C. A. and at Association Hall. Their ensemble singing is very pleasing, being well-balanced, and given with nice gradations of light and shade, and with accurate intonation. Miss Laura Barden, the young elocutionist who is with them, gave some selections in a manner which evinced evident talent.

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A very enjoyable concert was given on Tuesday evening at Victoria Hall, in aid of the German Lutheran church Jugendverein, under the direction of Mr. Carl Martens. Quite an array of talent took part, amongst which were Miss Evelyn Severs, Miss May Clarke, Mr. Fred Warrington, the Misses Eleanor and Edith Rowland, Mr. A. Andersen, Mr. G. Dinelli, Miss Ella Cowley, Miss Annie Butland, Miss Kate Rowland and Mr. De Lima.

On Sunday evening last Mr. Harold Jarvis sang the solo in Robert's Seek Ye the Lord at the Church of the Redeemer in the presence of an overflowing congregation. Mr. Schuch has arranged with Mr. Jarvis for the latter's frequent assistance at the church services this season.

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Further commentary on the decadence of church music in Toronto (*vide Canadian Musical Herald*) is afforded by the interesting Mendelssohn programme given on Thursday by Mr. R. J. Hall and his choir at the Immanuel Baptist church. Selections from St. Paul, Elijah and Athalie and the ever welcomes Hear My Prayer were sung, Miss Mary Lawson, Miss May Cooper and Mrs. Hall being the solo vocalists, with Mr. Alfred Burns and Mr. Hall at the organ. Mr. Herbert L. Clarke played as cornet solos two of Mendelssohn's Lieder Ohne Worte.

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At St. George's church on the 23rd, Mr. E. W. Phillips, the organist of the church, gave an organ recital which was well attended. Mr. Phillips' programme was a varied and well-chosen list, and he performed it with great taste, and with even more than his usual executive ability.

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A new piano firm has nearly completed its fitting up at Mrs. Bilton's old stand on Yonge street, where a very handsome quarters are prepared. The gentlemen are Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming, all of whom have been connected with Messrs. Mason and Risch's business, and are known as progressive and energetic young business men. They have all the qualifications for success, and having invaded the upper part of the business centre should have a fine opportunity.

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There are some vocal teachers who, when all other means fail, advertise themselves by discovering swans. One of these is Mme. Marchesi of Paris, whose discoveries are always disclosed to the correspondents of American papers, and whose swans are generally Americans. The latest of her discoveries is Miss Sedohr Rhodes, a young lady who sang here at Signor Agramonte's concert two years ago. Unless Miss Rhodes has developed very much in both range and volume of voice since that occasion it would argue that even the great Marchesi is easily pleased with her own discoveries.

•

Miss Adele Strauss is singing with the Hammerstein English Opera Company at the new Harlem Opera House in New York. On October 14 she made a very successful debut as Siebel in Faust, and has received much warm praise from the press.

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On Thursday evening next, Thanksgiving Day, St. George's Society will give its annual concert at the Pavilion. An interesting programme has been prepared under Mr. Schuch's direction. Mrs. Caldwell will sing a new selection, Proch's Air with Variations, and Mr. Jarvis will sing The Death of Nelson and Come Into the Garden Maud. Mrs. Mackelcan will assist and will contribute My Native Land by Mattei and Love's Sorrow. Mrs. Annie Waldron will play a piano solo, Raff's Grande Etude de Concert, and a violin solo, De Beriot's Fantaisie de Ballet. Miss Jennie Houston, a clever young elocutionist, will also take part.

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The Toronto Symphony Orchestra will make its first bow on Thursday, November 20, when it will perform a very fine programme under the baton of Signor D'Auria. Among the pieces to be played are Beethoven's First Symphony, Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream, Schumann's Traumerei, Masse's overture Les Noces de Jeanette, D'Auria's Recollections of Scotland and Gavotte, Strauss' Leitartikel waltzes and Loeschhorn's La Belle Amazone. Mme. D'Auria will be the vocalist, and will sing the Polonaise from Mignon, The Maids of Cadiz by Delibes. METRONOME.

The Drama.

Toronto people are neither favored nor afflicted with overmuch tragedy. They are not therefore disposed to be excessively critical of the performers of tragic roles nor to enter into what may be termed the niceties of such performances in their critical judgments. Notwithstanding that tragedy draws perhaps the most enlightened audiences that congregate in our theaters they seem to be so absorbed in the majesty of the play—for almost all the tragedies given here are classics—that they forgive generously feeble work on the part of the players and rather seem amazed that they can do so well. It appears to be a case of the minor defects of the workman being lost sight of in the magnitude of his undertaking. Nobody is finding much fault with them, however, on this score. It is human nature. When apples are scarce the small boy eats the cores and never grumbles. Those of us who derive an intellectual enjoyment from witnessing a tragic play swallow the cores of the tragedian's performance without much straining. I do not think, however, that the principle of this is right. Let us keep up the standard to the top notch. There is nothing theatrical on earth too good for the people of Toronto, and if we demand the best work in tragedy or comedy, we shall stand a good chance of getting it. Toronto now patronizes the drama better than any other Canadian city. The quality of performance demanded by the intelligent theatergoes here is high, as is well known, but I think they are more lenient toward tragedians than any other class of performers.

•

It is not my wish to give the impression that I think the critics were far too lenient in their remarks on the performances given at the Academy of Music this week. At the same time it must be conceded that in some of these performances there was much to be desired. With all deference to the talented—I had almost said venerable—tragedienne, the truth cannot but force itself upon the spectator that age is subduing the celestial flame of the spirit. The ashes of years are pressing heavily upon the smouldering fires which only send up now and there a flare, where once it had glowed with a steadfast and invigorated splendor. "Be charitable to age" was one of the first sentences uttered by the still resonant voice of Janauschek in her new play, Essex, on Monday night. It was probably not intended as such, but it sounded like a personal appeal. How many in the audience felt the necessity for it! Not many, I fancy, for, as I have said before, we are lenient in tragedy, often unconsciously so. With Janauschek the mechanical part of her work still remains, the gesture, the effective intonation. It is something more subtle than these which we feel is failing. It is the glowing personality which animates voice, action and expression. The lamp burns dim. The glass is clear enough, the wick is long enough, but the oil is nearly gone. Shake it up! The flame rises and burns with something of its former radiance, but it is not for long. Still her performances are powerful. "Wonderful," we say, "for one of her age!" But they are not what they were. Are they what they should be?

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The play in which she opened, Essex, by Henrich Laube of Vienna, deals with the reputed passion of Queen Elizabeth of England for the Earl of Essex. The play opens about the time of the return of the Earl of Essex from Ireland without the Royal permission. Burleigh, Raleigh and Southampton are endeavoring to turn the Queen against him. Counting on her partiality for him he returns and by this action gives his enemies the whip-hand. Incensed at his conduct the Queen insults him, upon which the haughty earl incites his followers to revolt. For this he is doomed to die but Elizabeth still retains enough affection for him to pardon him until she discovers his marriage with Lady Anne Rutland. In her fury at this discovery she signs the death warrant. Later, at the intercession of the countess of Nottingham, she agrees to pardon him if he will send her the ring—famed in history—which was to be a perpetual token of his sovereign's favor. Essex refuses to give it and the curtain falls as he goes to his execution. This play is well knit; its action is spirited, and its language apposite and dignified. One does not detect any of the weaknesses which usually mark the translation. Perhaps this is because of the resolution of an English subject back into its natural tongue. It presents the one difficulty which most historical dramas give the player. That is the difficulty of making up to look like the characters, the appearance of some of whom are familiar to the spectators through paintings and prints. Nearly everyone has some idea of what Queen Bess looked like. Janauschek does not satisfy that idea. This criticism may seem to some on a par with finding fault with the scenic arrangements and mechanical trappings, but reflection will show that unless the audience is totally unfamiliar with the appearance of the character any deficiency in the player's make-up detracts so much from a perfect impersonation. The other characters in this play are not well enough known to cause any difficulty in this way. Mr. A. H. Stuart gave a fair presentation of the title *role*. A slight toning down of his fury in speaking some sentences would not detract from their force. The rest of the company gave a rugged performance which, however, will improve with more rehearsals.

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At the Academy of Music next week will be presented by James O'Neill, Henry Irving's version of The Dead Heart. Mr. O'Neill produces the play with Mr. Irving's full permission, and his stage manager, Mr. J. W. Shannon, it is said, was afforded, while in London, every facility for studying Mr. Irving's excellent stage methods. In the character of Robert Landry, James O'Neill is said to have a *role* eminently suited to his artistic qualities and capabilities. The Dead Heart is not a one part play. The other characters are well drawn and require good players to present them. The company is said to be well chosen and the scenic effects very fine.

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The expectancy which the coming of the Little Tycoon awakened has been very pleasantly realized. This bright comic opera has drawn large and enthusiastic audiences to the Grand this week. The company is not large, but it is smart. The costumes are picturesque and tasteful, while the opera is staged in a manner seldom excelled. The scenery is novel in its devices and excellently painted. The *motif* of the opera is satirical, with special reference to the prevailing mania among wealthy Americans for marrying their daughters to titled foreigners. It is clever in conception and skilfully executed. General Knickerbocker is, as his name suggests, a wealthy New Yorker of the old school, who has a beautiful daughter, Violet. He wishes her to marry Lord Dobbin, an English nobleman with clothes as loud as thunder, who wears a glass in his eye and can only say "Oh, ah!" Violet, however, loves Alvin Barry, a wall street stock broker. The struggle of love versus title goes on for a time until Barry at length hits upon the happy expedient of rigging himself up as the Great Tycoon of Japan. Under this guise he and his accomplices invade the Knickerbocker mansion, impose on the dignified proprietor of the same and by awing and flattering him with their magnificence and adulation finally get his consent to allow his daughter to become the Little Tycoon. Mr. J. H. Ryley, an old favorite here, takes the part of the old general very well. Mr. J. Aldrich Libby is successful as the brother. Mr. Arthur Pacie takes a prominent part, while Mr. Neil O'Brien looks the part of Lord Dobbin excellently. Miss Laura Millard is sweet and acts well as Violet. The other ladies taking a prominent part are Madeline Lucette and Alice Hosmer.

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Mr. and Mrs. McDowell will begin their annual engagement at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening Nov. 3, for one week with matinees on Monday and Saturday with a special matinee on Thursday (Thanksgiving day). They begin the engagement with the English farcical comedy The Balloon, which will hold the stage until Thursday matinee. The Magistrate will follow for the balance of week. The following is what the Montreal *Herald* says of the Balloon: "It is quite Gilbertian in its humor, and while it can undoubtedly be called a farcical comedy yet there is a really capital plot, which, unlike most plays of a similar nature, keeps the audience in a continual state of wonderment as to how the ridiculous mistake of the doctor is going to end. The many absurd complications and the situations arising therefrom are the source from which the audience get an almost entire hour and a half of merriment and laughter."

The attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week has been The Dear Irish Boy. To the lovers of Irish drama the trials and joys of the dear Irish boy never become tiresome. This play tells an interesting and exciting story of adventure in Ireland. It abounds with Irish humor and sensation. Mr. Gus Reynolds is the center around which the rest of the company grate more or less successfully. Several pieces of scenery shown are very realistic.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

The New York papers say that Minnie Palmer's singing in Suzette is unexpectedly good.

DeMille and Belasco's latest play just brought out with success in New York is entitled Men and Women.

Mr. Tyler, advance agent for the Corinne Burlesque company which will play here the week after next, is in town this week.

Maurice Barrymore made his debut as a star in New York last week in a new play written for him by Augustus Thomas, entitled Reckless Temple.

Rose Coghlan, everybody knows, was lately divorced from "Clint" Edgerly, hence the peculiar "patness" of a story about a recent performance by Miss Coghlan and her company of London Assurance. When Lady Gay Spanker was asked, "Have you a husband?" the actors tittered, and when she replied, "Yes—somewhere," they laughed. Continuing, she went on, "He doesn't seem to be much in evidence at present time," and this caught the house. The audience roared with laughter, in which Miss Coghlan joined.

The Hamilton *Herald* says: The Lewis family, this city, is developing several talented members for the stage. The success of Miss Julia Arthur (Ida Lewis) is already assured, and now the youngest daughter, Lelia, six years of age only, has made a name for herself on the New York stage. Miss Lelia has been engaged for a long season by Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, the talented English comedians, and they pronounce Lelia the cleverest child actress they have ever had playing with them. She is now appearing at the Fifth avenue Theater with the Kendals. Another of the family will in a few weeks make her *debut* in a star part.

He Had it All.

"Why do you kiss me on the forehead, Perseus? murmured the young woman. "A kiss on the forehead denotes reverence for the intellect, and you know I haven't much intellect."

"I know it, Andromeda," said the sophomore, loftily, "but I—er—reverence what you have, you know."

Two Ways of Doing It.

"If everybody followed my example," announced an enthusiastic temperance advocate recently, "every saloon in the city would close before the end of the month."

"How's that?" asked a rubicund faced auditor, who had not before spoken.

"They would close from lack of patronage, sir. I never drink!"

"I see. I can go you one better, though. If everybody followed my example every saloon in the city would close before next Saturday night."

"How's that?" asked the temperance advocate eagerly.

"They would run out of stock."—*Philadelphia Press.*

Both Indisposed.

Miss Bleecker—I'm under the weather this morning.

Miss Beacon-street (of Boston)—I too am beneath the meteorological phenomena.—*Judge.*

An Inspiration.

Salesman—As I understand your order, it is for one dozen shirts, at $36 00 a dozen.

Travers—That's correct (moving off). Goodday.

Salesman—Hold on a minute. Pardon me; but we require a deposit from strangers.

Travers—Then make one shirt less.

What Delayed Her.

"You're very late in returning from church; you must have had a long sermon."

"Oh, yes; Dr. Sixthly gave us a great discourse on 'The Evil of Talking Too Much.'"—*Puck.*

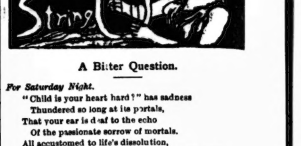
Timeo Danaos et Dona Ferentes.

"He cut you out, and yet you were magnanimous enough to send him a wedding present, eh?"

"Yes; I sent him an *edition de luxe* of the *Kreutzer Sonata.*"

Tale of a Blotter.

Beware of new blotters. Here is what a lady, not a hundred miles from Bryan, found upon a fresh blotter when she dropped in at her husband's office the other day: "eno gnilrad nwo yM." Having received no such communication from him for a period of twenty years or more, a question arose which has not yet been satisfactorily answered.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*



A Bitter Question.

For Saturday Night.

"Child is your heart hard?" has sadness
Thundered so long at its portals,
That your ear is deaf to the echo
Of the pusionate sorrow of mortals.
All accustomed to life's dissolution,
Have your eyes watched, the dead and the dying,
Undimmed, while slow gathering before you
On their brow the death dews are lying.

"Child is your heart hard?" The sentence
Is living within me, 'tis searing
My soul with its fire, for the question
Seemed strange, when just then I was fearing
That sorrow for men would unfit me,
To faithfully succor and render,
Comfort and help to the suffering
By ministerings patient and tender.

"Child is your heart hard?" It may be
That hearts do grow hard when the falling
Of tears cease, and mine come no longer,
They left me and answer the calling
Of sorrow with silence—God help me.
But stay, I must answer your query,
Though the pain it is giving has left me
Just a little disheartened and weary.

"Child is your heart hard?" I answer
'Tis hard like the marble, which firmly
Endures the great skill of the sculptor,
While he fashions it gravely and sternly
To his will. Did he choose something yielding,
How long would it bear to be graven
With his purpose of beauty, no pathway
Of honor and hope could it pave him.

And the blows of his chisel would merely
Mangle and bruise it till bleeding,
Shapeless and useless it lies there,
No grace from its softness proceeding.
To endure, or unfinished and useless,
'Neath the blows falling stronger and faster,
In the struggle for future perfection,
It breaks in the hands of its master.

—TERAGRAM.

Muskoka River in October.

For Saturday Night.

'Neath dropping boughs all scarlet gleaming,
Glides the river, swiftly streaming;
Noisy, silent; sombre, gay;
Flinging spray that misty, steaming,
Cloudlike shines, with rainbows seeming
Changeful through the autumn day;
By the lazy cattle dreaming
Gathered where the sun is beaming;
On 'twixt banks all golden seeming
Lost at last in Georgian Bay.

Rising in a rush-hid marsh
Where bull-frogs chant with guttturals harsh,
Swelling, growing, gathering strength,
Ever widening; till at length
Ox Tongue Lake its waters take;
Then a stretch of foam and spray,
Then a cascade, then away
Through a rosy-tinted haze
Till sunbeams glint on Lake of Bays.
Baysville passes!—a tiny to n
Where long-necked geese come straggling down—
More foam, more spray, more cascades bright,
More curves—and Beach Edge comes in sight.
The river widens, slower flows,
As meditating, while it goes,
What plot current is shall take
To guide it o'er Muskoka Lake;
Then, having reached the other side,
Where sailing skiffs at anchor ride,
Once more shut in, but widening still—
Past rafts of logs, a hut, a mill,
Past gloomy groups of gusty pine,
Past oaks in autumn garments fine,
Past water-lilies intertwined,
The railway bridge left far behind,
Past isles that strive to block the way,
Away and swifter still away,
Widening fast,
To flow at last
Into sunny Georgian Bay.

—OWEN A. SMILEY.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue.

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender, and sallow, and dry;
His form was bent, and his gait was slow,
His long, thin hair was as white as snow;
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed,
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead."
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He taught his scholars the rule of three,
Writing, and reading, and history too,
Taking little cones on his knee,
For a kind old heart in his breast had he,
And the wants of the smallest child he knew:
"Learn while you're young," he often said,
"There is much to enjoy down here below;
Life for the living, and rest for the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

With stupidest boys he was kind and cool,
Speaking only in gentlest tones;
The rod was hardly known in his school;
Whipping to him was a barbarous rule,
And too hard work for his poor old bones;
"Besides, it is painful," he sometimes said,
"We should make life pleasant here below;
The living need charity more than the dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He lived in the house by the hawthorn lane,
With roses and woodbine over the door;
His rooms were quiet, and neat, and plain,
But a spirit of comfort there held reign
And made him forget he was old and poor.
"I need so little," he often said,
"And my friends and relatives here below
Won't litigate over me when I am dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

But the pleasantest time he had of all
Were the sociable hours he used to pass
With his chair tipped back to a neighbor's wall,
Making an unceremonious call
Over a pipe and a friendly glass;—
"This is the finest pleasure," he said,
"Of the many I share in here below;
Who has no cronies had better be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

The jolly old pedagogue's wrinkled face
Meted all over in sunshiny smile;—
He stirred his glass with an old-school grace,
Chuckled, and sipped, and prattled apace,
Till the house grew merry from top to tiles;—
"I'm a pretty old man," he gently said,
"I've lingered a long while here below,
But my heart is fresh, though my youth is fled!
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He smoked his pipe in the balmy air
Every night when the sun went down,
While the soft wind played in his silvery hair,
Leaving its tenderest kisses there
On the jolly old pedagogue's jolly old crown;
And feeling the kisses, he smiled and said,
"'Tis a glorious world down here below;
Why wait for happiness till we are dead?"
Said the jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

He sat in his door one midsummer night,
After the sun had sunk in the west,
And the lingering beams of golden light
Make his kindly old face look warm and bright,
While the odorous night-wind whispered "Rest."
Gently, gently he bowed his head,—
There were angels waiting for him, I know;
He was sure of happiness, living or dead,
This jolly old pedagogue, long ago.

—GEORGE ARNOLD.

Noted People.

Louise Chandler Moulton is traveling in Germany.

Miss Alice Ward of Coney Island is the champion women swimmer of the world, and at present holds the medal which she has won for the fifth time.

Sir Edwin Arnold writes from Japan that he is done with editorial duty, and will write and travel now. He contemplates returning to America next summer.

Alexander III., the Russian Czar, will celebrate his silver wedding next month. The inspectors of present will have their hands full looking for dynamite.

Mark Twain has taken a great fancy to the works of Rudyard Kipling. Says the American humourist: "His great charm to me is the way he swings nervous English."

Miss Elizabeth Bisland has decided to make London her home. Like many of our younger American writers, she finds London life more to her liking than a residence in America.

Mrs. Oscar Wylde is a plainly dressed, pretty little woman, with no distinguishing graces, and her only approach to æstheticism is the affecting of immense Gainsborough hats, heavy with drooping plumes.

Life says: "Rose E. Cleveland as a writer is forceful and epigrammatic, and if anybody doubts it let him read her Florida article in the September *Lippincott*. In some respects it is good enough for Gail Hamilton."

The Marquis of Hartington, who is to marry the Duchess of Manchester, was once waited upon by an emissary and asked if he would marry one of the royal princesses. He adjusted his eye glass, and inquired: "Cawn't you find another fellah?"

How many people knew that the octogenarian poet Tennyson had an elder brother living, who, half a century ago, was thought to be a greater poet than his brother Alfred? A London publisher announces a new volume of verse by his elder brother, Frederick Tennyson.

Madame Nordica has undertaken the musical education of her niece, Miss Grace Walker of Dorchester, Mass. Miss Walker is about twenty years old, with a charming figure, fine eyes and sufficient voice to make Madame Nordica willing to give her the advantage of her instruction.

Mr. Gladstone, although a very rich man, is not fond of extravagant, expenditure. Both he and Mrs. Gladstone are economical almost to penuriousness in personal matters. Their home costumes are often dowdy, and worn almost threadbare, though they are hospitable to an unusual degree.

Bret Harte received only a common-school education, which stopped at the age of seventeen, after which he taught school for a little while in the rural parts of California. Then he worked successively as a miner, an express messenger, and a printer's apprentice until he found an opening in journalism.

King Humbert of Italy is a man of unusual will power. After having for years smoked to excess, he suddenly and completely renounced the habit. When his physicians advised him to abandon the use of the weed, it is related that he pondered a moment and said: "On my kingly honor I'll never smoke again," and he kept his word.

One of the most remarkable old ladies in Maine is living on the island of Monhegan. Although 75 years old, she not only knows nothing of the cars, telephone, electric lights, etc., but has never seen a horse. She has always lived on the island, several miles from the mainland, and her world has been Monhegan. Sheep and cows are kept on the island, but there is no call for horses.

Twenty years ago this winter, Adelina Patti, in the prime of her youth, beauty, and genius, took St. Petersburg captive, and received the coveted decoration of the Order of Merit from the Emperor's own hand. She will soon return there to give twelve farewell performances, for which she will receive $60,000, besides a special free railway train and all expenses for herself and her suite.

A characteristic anecdote of Salvini is related by his Florentine neighbors. Some years ago his wife died, and he erected a handsome monument to her memory, upon which was a table setting forth the various virtues and graces of the deceased, and recording the grief of the bereaved husband. When he married his second wife, he defaced and mutilated the monument of wife number one with his own hands, berating himself the while as a fool for expressing such sentiments.

"The good people," says Dr. Holmes in the *Atlantic* this month, "have no suspicion of how much a single line, a single expression, may cost its author. The wits used to say that Rogers—the poet once before referred to, old Samuel Rogers—the poet once before referred to, old Samuel Rogers, author of The Pleasures of Memory, and giver of famous breakfasts—was accustomed to have straw laid before the house whenever he had just given birth to a couplet."

Cyrus W. Field, the man who lost five million dollars in twenty-four hours, in Wall street, without a murmur, has a thousand chickens on his farm at Ardsley, which interest him now quite as much as the great project of the Atlantic cable did over twenty-five years ago. Mr. Field has several acres of this farm planted with thousands of sunflowers, and just about this time his assistant farmers are gathering them and laying them away as fodder for the chickens in cold weather.

In spite of his advanced age—he is in his sixty-sixth year—M. Blondin is not yet afraid to give his remarkable performance on the high rope, and never, if he can help it, will the intrepid gymnast use a net. After more than fifty years hard professional life, the Old Wonder, as he is called—just as he was styled the Little Wonder when, at the age of four, he first began to astonish the French people by his remarkable feats of strength and agility—is thinking of retiring. He has a nice little property at Islington, bearing the title of Niagara Terrace, and he does not seek after engagements. Now and then, however, he is induced to emerge from his retirement.

A Pacific Coast Town by Night.

On a terraced slope, on the north bank of the Fraser River, near its mouth, has been reared the steadily growing city of New Westminster. Only three years ago it rested tranquilly in its satiated fulness. Its business—far into the morning—slowly assumed its quiet tenor, when its merchants, as contentedly as the appearance of the city indicated, wended their way towards the commercial quarter. This portion of the city is formed of two streets, running by the water front, the upper or principal street declining gently from east to west in a gradual slope until it attains the extremity of the neighboring thoroughfare. Such was the stillness of even those two streets at that time that one might be impressed on entering it with the idea that here was an exact prototype of an English village of similar size. But the scene is changed. That clamorous young giant of Burrard inlet, Vancouver, made its heart beats felt across the narrow strip of land dividing it from the sister city and enthused it with the spirit of jealousy and awakened it to a new existence and vitality. While meandering along its streets, noting the great change evident in the commercial pulse of this once quiet city, redolent of fish and fruit; a higher elevation is taken just as dusk is rendering indistinct the objects of interest of the previous moment. Passing from the water front, across the principal thoroughfares, a street is entered upon, out of which Dickens' would have reaped many notes of interest. Ascending steeply by the hill, this row of wooden structures or shacks reminiscent of a time not far gone, when such structures formed the most imposing of the buildings, lights glimmer out upon the darkening night, and a glimpse is had here of a belated clerk, straining over some "Estate" papers, again of an old gentleman of rotund, semi-senile features, with glasses pushed upon forehead, leaning back in his great chair preparatory to leaving for the night, and who might have walked out of one of the aforementioned novelists works; a Chinaman passes, at a gallop, a rod in hand, his horse breasting the hill as naturally as a hunter paces a moor—another at the same wild rate descends, the rider, a youth, having a basket on arm, in which he had started out with meat orders, and after delivery is returning home. As a street at right angles to the one ascended is come upon, it is observed that the horse's hoof beats which had gone up hill, have ceased, and out upon the air another night-hug springs up, in the shape of a sea jet. Everything outside of the stores seem to be carried on horseback, even the lamplighter, is seen, overtaking night, his horse, like a phantom steed, rider with rod, passing along at a gallop, leaving behind him a sickly, far-apart range of light.

Still ascending, against the fast blackening sky, can be traced the outline of church spires, and the massive proportions of institutions, of which not a few betray themselves on all sides. In fact, it might well be termed a city of government—temporal and spiritual—institutions. The last hoof's beats have died citywards, and an isolated straggler only is met wending his way homewards as a retreat is arrived at, from whence can be reflectively reviewed the dim—now, almost dark—panorama spread about on all sides. Almost underneath the sonorous noise of a saw-mill is distinct, the heavy thud of the log as it is tossed about by the chain attached, before being drawn into the saw, after which the screaming, shrill notes, denoting the bite, the sound verging into its sonorous heavy tones again until it nears the end when again the shrieking noise bursts forth upon the calm night air.

But quarter time is up and the mill shuts down for the night leaving the stillness more still—and it seems the darkness more dark. Close to the mill, dimly apparent, are the masts and spars of a large ship, laying alongside the wharf awaiting a cargo of lumber which she shall transport to some foreign land. This is the occasion of the mill running so far into the darkness. Lights citywards disapper one after another the low hum from the streets grows gradually quieter and beyond from the river rise all sounds on the air more distinctly. Now a shrill whistle pierces the night and straining the eyes towards the river nothing is apparent but the dark sweep of the beautiful, placid river, a dark ridge of timber dimly discernible impinging on its waters. No cause can be assigned for the shrill whistle, as again it breaks the monotonous silence, and the assumption is that it is but one boat crew warning others of its position.

"What is that, though?" Only throwing out the buoy attached to the end of the net as a float, and then the continued "whish," "whish," of the net as it is cast into the river.

Again is silence greater than ever, and out from the darkness comes the sharp report of a heavy fish rising from the water, immediately followed by a soughing plunge as it sinks again in its element to rise shortly further on. The mind is set speculating as to whether it is a salmon or a sturgeon, the latter of which attain incredible dimensions, while the former constitutes almost the main support of the city as well as directly many of its inhabitants. To those not accustomed, the sight of a boat load of salmon would form a magnificent surprise. As the hours advance the heavy darkness gives way to a gradually developing grey, and as the new condition of atmosphere asserts itself, a descent is commenced, and, shortly, the still sleeping city entered upon. Day is dawning, and, as when darkness fell, along dashes the lamplighter on horseback to extinguish the lights he had the previous night sprung upon the darkness. Reaching the water's edge just as the sun's premonitory glare betokens his rise in the eastern heaven, the result of the previous night's fishing is awaited. The slow steady click of the oars as they leave the water tells of the toil still proceeding, but shortly there is a cessation, and the somewhat plain outlines of the boats vanish into the dimness as the nets are lifted in for the last time. A few minutes more and they approach the landing, where a sleepy-looking individual, with heavy cravat about his throat and one leg of his pant in a sea boot, while the other hangs in ordinary fashion, waits to receive them, and if they have had luck—their cargo. On this occasion the run of fish has been poor, but still a few noble, silvery-scaled salmon glint in the dawning morn in the bottom of the boats. "Have you had luck, boys?" inquires the be-muffled man, in a guttural, foreign-accented manner. "Not much," drawls one of the fishermen from below. After looking into the boats he turns away to a store opposite, muttering back: "No fish for the East to-day." As the boat hove alongside, some beautiful fish presented themselves to the brightening morn, some appearing not much less than twenty pounds, while one might easily be thirty pounds, and suggest itself as being the fish that had caused such a heavy splash in falling into the water after its leap the previous night.

Daylight fairly asserting itself discloses a soul-inspiring panorama. Opposite, the dark ridge which the water leaves, resolves itself into a line of mingled light and dark green bush and scrub backed by a forest of timber rising and forming a noble setting for the charming frontispiece. A white streak shows through the forest, and where most broad to the vision at the water side opposite, a quaint collection of buildings are quite visible. Apparently a disused cannery, flanked by numerous houses and shacks, a dilapidated wharf, and laying along side a ferry-boat of old and unprepossessing appearance certainly considering that it has, or had, the honor of conveying H.M's. mail from one side of the noble river to the other. A scow with steam propelling gear and a "shack" or cabin on top would give some idea of this strange creature which is just beginning to add its quota of smoke to the already numerous evidences of awakening activity, in quite a dignified manner. Up and down stacks of smoke rise into the fresh sweet smelling morning air, and the tramp of hurried feet as some early riser makes his way towards one of the mills, give signs of the first bustle of a new day's labor.

As home is wended to for some sleep, another rush of horses takes place, some of the boys having such loads in baskets that they are compelled to ride with their bodies inclined to the horizontal by the side, to an alarming degree while they ply the spur, and ride with all the confidence of a centaur. Good morning.

JAMES P. MACINTYRE.

'Varsity Chat.

After much wooing Victoria College has consented to become one of our sisters. The "courtship" was long and tedious. The delay has led us to understand each other better. The correspondence that arose out of the discussion of the federation scheme will form interesting reading to the future historian of our National University. The Methodists are now largely represented at the 'Varsity and their brothers and sisters from Cobourg will receive a hearty welcome.

*

The annual sports took place on Friday of last week and were, notwithstanding the somewhat unpleasant state of the weather, a success. Prof. Baldwin and Mr. Wright were the judges in the various events, and Mr. Pierson was the starter. Mr. R. G. McKenzie of McGill University carried off the first prize in the high jump competition, and he was loudly cheered by the boys. The prizes were presented by Mrs. Baldwin in the School of Practical Science after the day was over.

*

The class societies have become quite popular and the result is that we have many poets, orators, judges, councillors and athletic directors. The ladies in each class are forming societies also, and in the future there will be no need of Canadians importing woman orators to address their public meetings. The world moves and we glide along with it. We keep well up to the march of noble impulses and lofty sentiments.

*

Matthew Arnold and his works were discussed at the meeting of the Modern Language Club, Monday evening. Prof. Alexander presided and essays were read by Miss MacKenzie and Miss L. L. Jones. The result of the meeting was that all present had their interest aroused in one of the best critics of the age. Five years ago Matthew Arnold lectured in this city on Numbers and he held that the truth always lay with what he termed the "saving remnant." In his opinion majorities were wrong.

*

Prof. Drummond, the author of Natural Law in the Spiritual World, and the Countess of Aberdeen viewed the ruins of University College as they drove by in a carriage on Thursday of last week.

*

The residence "beauts" are anxious to play association football with any other college teams. They have been very successful in their past matches.

*

The natural science course has been rearranged and there is now a department of Mineralogy on Geology.

*

At the meeting of the Science Association on Monday Dr. Graham Chambers explained the relation of physics to chemistry.

*

Messrs. J. H. Brown and A. A. Vickers have been elected first year councillors of the Literary Society.

*

"Resolved, That sentiment has a greater influence in moulding the destiny of the race than reason," was the subject for debate at the meeting of the Literary Society last week. The speakers took "the race" to refer to the human race and not to the annual cross-country race, and with this thought in their minds they addressed their fellows, and Messrs. Cooper and Reeve reasoned on behalf of the affirmative, and Messrs. Knox and Lamont became sentimental as they spoke of the power of reason. The audience swayed by sentiment, voted for the negative. The question now is: Did sentiment or reason win?

DRAX ALEEN.

Trinity Talk.

The early part of this week was indeed a gay and busy one for the Trinity students. The large smoking concert which is annually held on the eve of St. Simon and St. Jude's day, and the convocation dinner held on the evening of that day are events which all students, freshmen and seniors alike look upon as college institutions and which they feel it is their bounden duty to make a success of as far as may lie in their power, and indeed this year those to whom the business arrangements were entrusted have every reason to congratulate themselves, for everything went off most successfully and absolutely without a hitch.

*

The new reading room has been now formally opened, the first smoking concert of the year being held there on Monday last. There is now seating room for all and also every facility for ventilation which was so sadly wanting in the old room. A number of graduates were present, who helped with songs and pleasant reminiscences of college life to make the evening a jolly one.

*

Dr. J. G. Bourinot begins a third series of lectures on Tuesday evening, November 6, in the new lecture room in the western wing. The general subject will be, English Institutions in America.

*

On Tuesday morning last a number of Trinity's swell runners might have been seen congregated at the northern extremity of the ravine, to take part in the annual steeplechase which has for many years been run on the morning of St. Simon and St. Jude's day. There were a goodly number of starters, and the race was most exciting, Mr. Patterson being successful in capturing the first prize after a hard race with Mr. Carleton; Mr. H. H. Bedford-Jones, B.A., finished a close third. The time is fast, being 5 minutes and 42 seconds, for a distance of a little more than a mile and a quarter, over a rough and in many places marshy ground.

*

The annual convocation dinner was held in Convocation Hall on Tuesday evening last. There were present a large gathering of city clergy and many others whose great interest in Trinity and hopes for her future welfare forbade their losing an opportunity when by their presence they might aid the good work which has been so ably carried on by Convocation. The Chancellor, Hon. G. W. Allan, occupied his old seat in the center of the head table, and on either side sat the representatives of the different learned professions. These, together with the students and their friends, occupied four large tables, there being present in all about one hundred and fifty guests. This does not include the ladies, whose presence in the gallery lends so much additional charm to the evening and encourages those whose privilege it is to propose and respond to the toast of The Ladies. Among those present were Mrs. Patteson, Miss Myers, Miss Nation, Mrs. Elmes Henderson, the Misses Strachan, Miss Macdonald McKinlay, Miss Halten, Mrs. Body and several others. After the eatables had been disposed of many clever and instructive speeches followed. The first toast of Her Majesty the Queen was proposed by the Chancellor, the next that of the Learned Professions by the Rev. Prof. Clark, which was replied to by Bishop Sweetman, Rev. Canon DuMoulin, and Dr. Bourinot. The several other toasts of Trinity, Faculties, Sister Universities were well and ably responded to.

*

At the proposing of the toast of The Freshmen, the fun grew fast and furious and the responses grew weaker and weaker as each member of the first year was called on to reply till at last the men began to consider the fact of their being a morning chapel and lectures the next day and after serenading the Provost and those at Deneside the men retired to dream of a jolly evening's fun, which we can only hope it may be our good fortune to participate in for many years to come. I must not forget to mention the excellent taste displayed by those on the printing committee in chosing the *menu* cards which were models of neatness.

CARCUS.

Books and Magazines.

The *Atlantic Monthly* for November brings us a worthy collection of the best sayings of bright minds. Dr. Holmes writes the conclusion of his charming Tea cup series, while a tender little poem to the Bird of Autumn, a new serial by Stockton and an exhaustive review of the month's books make up a good number.

The complete story in *Lippincott's* this month is A Laggard in Love, and a most chivalrous poem entitled My Lady Waits, A Philosopher in Purple, and British Side-glances at America, are other prominent features of the current number.

Belford's brings a good collection of clever work. The Truth About Wines is aptly dealt with and several quaint conceits in verse are interesting in the extreme.

Scribner's for November contains good pictorial work, some illustrations being made by Frederick Villiers. A Day With Country Doctor is a vivacious sketch, with good illustrations. Through the Grand Canon of the Colorado gives the reader glimpses of unsuspected grandeur, and Lampman's poem is a realistic description of the mechanism of the nature-worshipper's mind.

Free Russia is the title of a twenty page paper dealing with the atrocities of the governmental system, and disclosing the commendable object of the New Society of Friends of Russian Freedom.

Framing and Hanging Pictures.

This is a subject in which great personal taste may be displayed, and yet there are certain points that must be observed in order to bring about a desirable effect. For instance, the prime object in framing a picture is that by surrounding it with one color you confine the eye to the work alone, and prevent its being distracted by adjacent objects.

Frames with moulding inclining inward are most useful in giving greater apparent depth to the distance of a landscape or the background of a figure subject. The straight lines of a picture are also harmoniously extended and enriched by the frames; for if you take the round head of a child or a group consisting of an assemblage of curved lines, they reach the eye much more agreeably through a circular frame. So too with the repetition of forms in a square or oblong aperture.

In England the practice is frequently adopted of commissioning the artist to paint expressly with a view to the place of a picture's hanging, and the frames made to harmonize in style with the other ornaments of the apartments, particularly the mouldings and cornices. In this way a unity of effect is secured not otherwise attainable.

Frames are often in bad taste from being overloaded with ornament. In general, the simpler the frame the better. When the horizontal line in a picture is very plainly seen there should be no ornaments at the side of the frame which from change of position may disturb the effect of that line on the eye, and if they project much they often appear to contract the size of a room. Massive frames always convey a painful impression of suspended weight, unless in filagree patterns, which nowadays are not so much in use.

For water color paintings it is highly important that the frames should not be very heavy or profusely ornamented. A massive frame will almost always destroy the effect of the most delicate work in water colors, but if it were burnished in small points it would be less objectionable for water colors than if it were intended to enclose an oil painting, as it would give greater vivacity to the higher colors. The glass of the frame should never touch the face of a painting in any case.

Make the margin intervening between the water color painting and its frame invariably white, unless it be slightly tinted, particularly if the painting be only a vignette—that is, without any background—and for the most delicate work a paper mount is even preferable. A simple gold bead frame, with a gold edge next to the picture, is also very effective.

Sometimes an intensely colored water painting, especially if warm in tone, might be rendered more effective and harmonious by substituting a gold mount. In any case we recommend that the artist advise the choice of frame for his own work, and that he should especially know if the frame of the picture is desired to match others, then he may paint somehow with a view to the influence of the frame he is to use.

How often, even in the houses of collectors, we see pictures of an entirely different character grouped together, as if they really formed a part of the pattern of the paper. In all cases oil pictures, water color drawings and engravings should be separated, for in juxtaposition they greatly injure each other's effect.

For decoration in private houses pictures should always have relation to the size of the room in which they are placed, as large pictures apparently diminish the size of a small apartment. The small easel and cabinet pictures are in very much better taste for any contracted interior.

For spacious halls and corridors of country mansions, large hunting subjects, groups of game, and fruit pieces are most appropriate; if in dining-rooms it is not amiss to place a few life size portraits of those who, with a little stretch of imagination, we may believe to be partakers of our hospitality; but added to these let there be other subjects of a more cheerful and festive character—such as still life, eatables, or "breakfast pieces," as they are called, and of which Dutch art has produced such an unaccountable number—are in order here. Affection will determine about the portraits of dear friends. Many would suggest the study or library as the most appropriate spot for them.

For the drawing-room subjects of a refined and elegant character would naturally be chosen, and water colors form a fitting decoration for a boudoir or inner drawing-room, while framed prints always look in far better keeping in sleeping apartments.

Why the possessor of valuable pictures who has a separate apartment for his books and a conservatory for his flowers should not also have a gallery for the proper display of his pictures, there is no good reason. Such should be the case, with an angular skylight in the roof, so that the light coming through should illumine the top as well as the bottom of the wall. The center skylight on a flat roof is very objectionable on account of the little light that pictures receive being placed anywhere near the ceiling.

The paper of the wall against which pictures are hung should have no set pattern and be of one uniform color; and if borders are introduced they should have, instead of flowers, some conventional style of ornament. The best colors of wall paper are red or pea green. Bright carpets and gaudy hangings are very injurious to the color effect of pictures; so is furniture in high colors.—*Waverley Magazine.*

A Flannel Christian.

Two Episcopal clergymen were one day talking of a prominent divine who was noted for his filthy appearance and evident fear of water.

"What does he remind you of any way?" asked one.

"Of flannel," was the reply.

"How so?" asked the first.

"Oh," answered the second, "because he shrinks so from washing."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

The Poor Tramp.

"And oh, Uncle Silas, I had such a lovely time last summer. Four other Vassar girls and myself took a tramp through the Catskills."

"Um-m-m! But do you believe, Elizabeth, that the tramp enjoyed it?"

Death Preferable to the Cure.

"What you need is a series of mud baths."

"Doctor," returned the patient firmly, "I'll die before I go into politics."—*Puck.*

A Recommend.

Mrs. Kimper (to New Boarder)—I'm glad to know that one of my former boarders referred you here. He spoke quite strongly in praise of my house, I understood you to say.

New Boarder (who came for a purpose)—Yes; he said he lost twenty pounds in the six months he boarded here.—*Puck.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

A ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicely," Etc.

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CHAPTER VI.

PATRICIA AND MERVYN.

Patricia Richmond sat alone at breakfast over her cheery fire of logs. She was alone, and for a wonder idle, and her face wore a look of thoughtful gravity which would have surprised some who had only known her in her bright and laughter-loving moods.

There had been a meet of hounds at Herne Hollow that morning, and Patricia had been the gayest of the gay on that occasion, and had shone in the open kindly hospitality for which her house was renowned. Yet it was partly the observations made on the field that day that had brought upon her brow just now the cloud of thoughtful care.

Corona St. Cyr had driven to the meet, her little sister and her guardian in attendance; and Patricia had not been the only one to observe what a magnet that carriage had been to more than one member of the field.

Lord Mervyn and Cedric were near far away, and seemed to vie one with another in endeavoring to win a smile from the lovely girl about whom so many romantic stories were circulated, and Patricia's smile was tinged with bitterness as she recalled the look upon the Viscount's face as she had seen it bent over Corona.

"I am growing old," she said, half aloud. "I was a woman in my early girlhood. Circumstances made me one before my time, and now I am reaping the consequences of it. I am everybody's friend—that, at least, is something—but no one puts me first. They come to me when they have nobody better; but the fair young face that crosses their line of vision—away they all go. Ah, well, it is the fate of some women to live and die old maids. At least, one can show that it need not be bitter life. Even Gerald seeks confidences elsewhere. I hope it will not be Mildred. I cannot bear that handsome, cunning-looking Laura, who is doing all she knows to captivate him. Cedric told me all from the first, and may be almost an accepted lover. But Mervyn—Ah, there is the danger—he may have been all idle vanity; yet a few months ago I did think . . . No matter, she is lovely enough to win hearts; yet it is hard to see him slighted; and if I read her face aright it is Cedric who is ever in her sky . . . Poor Mervyn, I think I cannot be mistaken, he can think of no one else whilst she is there. I wonder if the friendship will stand the test! I heard more than one voice suggesting the doubt this very day. Ah, me! It is a cross-grained contrary world this work-a-day world of ours!"

The soliloquy was interrupted by a rattling at the catch of one of the long French windows. Patricia, supposing it to be her brother, did not even turn her head as it opened and admitted the new comer.

"Had a good day, Gerald?"

"Not particularly. The scent did not lie. The hounds were often at fault. I left them at three o'clock—thought a chat with you would be preferable." But the voice was not Gerald's, and Patricia, sitting up and turning round, saw Lord Mervyn drawing up to the fire the most comfortable arm-chair the room possessed, into which he sank with the air of a person quite at home.

"Mervyn! Well, this is an unexpected pleasure! You are almost a stranger here now."

"If I am it shows abominable ingratitude. I don't know how it is I never seem to have time now to get through the day's work in the day. However, I'm my own master for the present. Your brother has taken charge of my sister; so the least I can do is to come and enjoy a talk with you. Why don't you hunt, Patricia?"

"Oh, I am getting old. I am giving up my youthful pranks and follies."

"Nonsense, Patricia. You are the sort of woman who never will be old—not if you live to be eighty."

Patricia laughed, and reached down a feather screen, which she held between her face and the glow of the fire. It seemed to have caught a tinge of the ruddy blaze.

The next thing was to ring the bell and order up tea, but lamps were tabooed. The pleasant flickering firelight was agreed by both to be more agreeable.

"It looked so warm and pleasant as I came along. I took French leave, as you saw. It is a great thing to have an old friend's privilege."

Patricia's eyes were bright as she bent over her tea tray. For a moment the weight that had pressed upon her spirits vanished, as if it had never been. Mervyn was in one of the moods she knew well. He had come to her before on like occasions for advice or assistance. She knew by his face that something was disturbing him, and that he wished to unburden himself to her. There was something rather dangerously sweet in the thought. If only it were not a love trouble!

Mervyn was never in a hurry. He knew he had his listener all to himself for some considerable time, and he took the privilege accorded to an intimate of being very absent and silent.

Finally it was she who broke the ground.

"Is anything the matter, Mervyn?"

"Well, yes; I am considerably bothered."

"Is it anything in which I can help you?"

Then there was silence for a while, and then Mervyn spoke in his usual languid way.

"Everything seems going wrong, and I can't see my way out of the tangle. And I want to get things set straight before I have my brains blown out, which consummation appears to be likely to be achieved in the course of the next few weeks. If so, it doesn't leave much time to play upon."

"Mervyn!"

"I'm not joking. I assure you, Patricia. I fully expect some kind of murderous onslaught."

"I have heard something about it, of course. No one can rectify abuses without incurring odium; but if you think it serious——"

"Well, what then?"

"I hardly know. Ought you to persist?"

"I am not going to be turned back by blackguardism, if that is what you mean," answered the Viscount in his laziest tones. "No doubt you her rectors upon frightening me; but they reckon without their host. But I did not come to talk to you about this—I can manage my own private affairs my own way. It's the other thing that is the bother."

"What is the other?"

"Why, that ridiculous feud with our cousins of the Towers. Patricia, you are a wise woman. Can you think of no plan of healing the old sore?"

"A marriage—" began Patricia, lightly; but Mervyn gave her one of his quick glances.

"That is exactly what in the present state of affairs would produce a regular explosion on both sides. It's the very thing I am most afraid of, as affairs stand now. Patricia, did you observe Keith at the meet to day?"

"No; not specially."

"Well, I did; and it is pretty plain that he is getting up a regular flirtation with Marjorie Musgrave. It may be nothing—you know, Keith is a regular Don Juan in a harmless way, and any pair of bright eyes captivates him for the moment. But there was an air about him that looked dangerous; and the fascination of the secrecy to be observed is about as likely as anything to give an edge to the relish of the sport."

Patricia nodded.

"And you think it would hinder, not help, in the matter of reconciliation?"

"My father would be so furious that he would send Keith away at once. He is so wrath just now with the whole crew, that my friendship with Cedric is quite a grievance. He has spoken to me lately as he has never done in his life before; and I'm rather weak where my father is concerned. I cannot bear to vex him."

"He had always put up with Cedric; you have been more or less intricate from childhood."

"True; but people do not get more reasonable as they grow older; and I'm afraid I did a very foolish thing on the night of our masked ball."

"What did you do?"

"I sent an invitation to the whole of the Tower people—just a foolish freak on the impulse of the moment. I hoped it might be looked upon as a delicate attention, but I believe it was ranked as an insult. The worry of it was that a rumor is now rife, and has reached my father's ears, that old Musgrave was actually there himself."

"Nonsense, Mervyn! Impossible."

"Not in the least impossible. If he had had any curiosity about our house, he could have slipped in without reasonable fear of detection. I'm afraid now he did come—and come as a spy."

"A spy!"

"Yes, Patricia, have you ever heard the story of the Stormont silver?"

"That lovely old silver with the Stormont arms upon it? No; it came into your family by marriage did it not?"

"Yes, about two hundred years ago. I suppose it is worth a thousand pounds pretty well, let alone the fact of its antiquity, which doubled its intrinsic worth. Well, do you know that under that abominable will of my great-grandfather's will—the will that has divided the property and led to all this trouble—this Stormont silver might be alienated from the older branch, just as so much else has been done."

"But Mervyn——"

"I know what you are going to say, that if the claim had not been made before it could hardly be raised now. But as a matter of fact it was raised between my grandfather and my uncle, but as there were so many other more important points at issue, this particular one of the silver was allowed to drop; one difficulty being that the younger son, who had been much away from home knew hardly anything at all about it, and doubted it it were worth disputing over."

"Well."

"Well just this—since that time, by one rich wind or another, the beauty and value of this old Stormont plate has been noised abroad, and old Musgrave has more than once thrown out that he intends prosecuting his claim. My father is always thrown into a perfect fury by any such hint, for that silver is to him as the apple of his eye, all the dearer possibly from the slight insecurity of his claim over it. One of his great safeguards has been that the rival Musgraves can have no idea of what the service consists, and there is always a difficulty about raising a claim when you do not know what it is you do claim."

"Yes, I daresay; but go on; you have a dreadfully deliberate way of telling a story, Mervyn. Do go to the point."

"The point is this—by the by, Patricia, did you chance to notice at the ball a stout man in an Arab dress?"

"I really can't remember."

"Nor I; but my father does, because the Arab made some remarks to him of a personal and unpleasing nature. Also the Arab was seen by one of the under-servants wandering about the table in the large dining hall, where all this Stormont silver was laid out. He looked at every piece, and seemed to be taking notes. We have had lately by a side wind, that a complete inventory of the plate is now in the hands of Mr. Musgrave's solicitors, and that a serious discussion is going on as to the advisability of prosecuting the claim at law."

"Oh, Mervyn!"

"So you see by the simple process of putting two and two together, my father arrived at the conclusion, not at all unwarranted by circumstances, that the Arab and Mr. Musgrave are one and the same person. At first he declared that having obtained the inventory in such a low, sneaking way by forcing himself into the house in disguise, he would not dare to make any use of his information. But then I was obliged to confess what I had done, and I never knew my father so grieved and angry before. I can't think what made me such a ass. I'd sooner have cut off my hand than have vexed him so. And if we lose our silver, he will absolutely pine over its loss, and I shall never forgive myself."

"But do you think it will ever come to that?"

"I have not an idea. I have no notion how the law would stand; but with a man in my father's frame of mind, no compromise would be possible. He would fight to the last, and you know the bitter feeling always brought up by costly and harassing litigation. Mr. Musgrave, by all accounts, would go to law simply to spite and wrong us—Murray is writing to him. Once, however, the case ended, there would be nothing but double rancour and bitterness on both sides. I can't bear to think of it. Yet how to bring about any better understanding, I cannot imagine."

"It is very difficult," said Patricia. "I am very sorry for you, Mervyn."

"You have no suggestions to make?"

"I am afraid not. I will think about it; but of all things most difficult to patch up is a family quarrel."

"I know. Just what Cedric and I have always found."

"Your friendship for him would be no help!"

"Not the least. He is in disgrace at home more or less chronically—cannot always stay there, in fact."

"You do not get into disgrace on your side?"

"Well, something very like it. I have been told that I am not to bring Cedric to the house, or mention his name in my father's hearing. Indeed,' and Mervyn broke into his vain laugh, "I am almost pledged to quarrel with him."

Patricia was fancied for her frankness; she said, after a moment's hesitation:

"If you and Cedric quarrel, Miss St. Cyr will have the credit of being the bone of contention."

Mervyn's face did not change visibly, he pulled his moustache and smiled.

"If it is done at all, the more color given by circumstances the better it will be."

"Is it true, Mervyn, that you visit old Mr. Vansittart?"

"He is not old, Patricia. Yes; I have been once or twice to his house. We have been thrown together, and he predicts a speedy dissolution; so you see I am well warned on all sides."

"Mervyn, I wish you would not jest on such a subject."

He smiled oddly.

"I can't see that it matters so very much. Once we are launched in eternity the difference of a few years will seem to them nothing. But I should like to set things on a better footing first."

"To quarrel with Cedric?"

"Yes—sounds rather ridiculous does it not! especially for a man who never had energy to quarrel with anybody all his life. I wonder how I shall manage it."

"Have you promised, did you say?"

"Not exactly; only when I found out what a mess I'd made, and asked if there was anything I could do to atone, he answered in a sharper tone than I had ever heard from him before, that the only thing I could do was to cut the whole connection and quarrel with Cedric—any kind of friendship with that house was an offence to him. I said I would think about it, and oblige him if I could. I believe if Cedric and I could get up a mock quarrel it would be the best thing for both of us for the time being."

"You think your friendship is an aggravation of the ill-feeling—not a means of bringing about a better one."

"Just so. Whether we can ever do anything towards healing the breach I cannot even guess; but at least it will not be done by Cedric and me."

"I never knew before that you were so superstitious."

"I am, I'm not certain that I understand the meaning of that term. Well, Patricia, I have unburdened myself to you at last, and if you can hit upon any scheme by which further storm can be averted, and a better state of feeling brought about, please to name it promptly."

CHAPTER VII.

THE WALLED-UP DOOR.

The rain had poured ceaselessly down the whole of that day. The sea was one leaden sheet of dull, waveless, moaning water. There were no tossing waves to give it animation, but a sullen, lumbering, booming noise echoed along the solitary sands, and sounded like the troubled sighing of lost souls in purgatory.

So at least little Maidie thought as she sat in the window, down which the rain poured in sheets. She had the fanciful imaginings that belonged to her years, and her convent training had left its stamp upon her in many ways.

It was one of those very depressing days of late autumn that weigh down the spirit and impress little ones upon the mind. It seemed as if spring time and sunshine were alike too far distant to be thought of, save with dreary longing. The dreary winter-tide had first to be passed.

Corona was lying on the sofa near the fire. She had not been feeling well of late. The long confinement to their cabin had begun thus to tell upon her, and the hungry longing after Cedric brought with it a constant heartache.

It was always thus in her life, that nothing save absolute certainty and union brings with it true satisfaction. Once it would have seemed enough to be assured of his love; but when she was assured of that, life without an occasional meeting was dark and drear. Now that these meetings were from time to time achieved, they proved insufficient and left her in the satisfaction of both; though there was comfort in the thought that her lover was often nigh at hand. Still the prison walls enclosed her in all their dreary grimness, and she knew that she would not easily be allowed to escape thence.

Patricia had been earnest in asking the girls to spend a week at her house, but the invitation had been resolutely declined, yet without any valid reason being declared.

Once Corona, taking her carriage in her hand, had asked with admirable quietude:

"Suppose I were to marry, Uncle Andrew, should I then have full possession over my fortune and over Maidie?" and the moment the words had passed her lips she felt as if a bombshell had fallen in the quiet room.

Yet Mr. Vansittart's reply had been given in his bland, even tones. He had told her that only upon her majority could she take those matters into her own hands, but that a handsome allowance would be made should she marry as a minor, provided she did so with her guardian's consent.

"Only," concluded he, with his sweetest smile, "the period of our emancipation, and the favored suitor has still to make his appearance, seems a contingency seems hardly likely to arise. Have you found a husband for yourself, my dear, amid all the gay young gentlemen who have come flocking round my golden-haired heiress? Do not be afraid to present him to your guardian when he appears. He shall be made very welcome at the Panelled House; eh, Pauline?"

Mr. Vansittart's face as he said this, and the look upon his sister's face, had caused Corona to shrink into herself with the shudder of positive terror—terror all the more unbearable because so very vague. But to bring Cedric within the power of that man, to allow him entry those doors! Never, never; she would die first.

So she repressed any longings to see what a bold stroke might accomplish, and strove earnestly to possess her soul in patience.

Maidie was a child who could not be quiet for long, and though Corona was too ill to run about and play, she presently put down her book and took her battledore and shuttlecock into the corridor for a solitary game.

Presently she grew tired of that sport, and wandered away along the panelled passages, until she reached the stairs that led up to the empty rooms overhead, into which she and Corona had sometimes strayed. The main block of the building of the Panelled House was square and compact. On the basement were the large hall, the library, dining and drawing rooms, with Mr. Vansittart's study. Above them were the sleeping apartments of their host and hostess and the corona allotted to the girls themselves. Over these again were empty rooms, which in an ordinary establishment would be used by servants, but were vacant under the present management; and then again over them was—what?

Maidie had never asked herself this before, but it suddenly came to her like a flash of inspiration. Like many other children, and grown people too, she had lived long in a house without really thinking of its construction, and Corona had no special organ for locality, or whatever is the correct word, and would not be likely to trouble her head over the matter. But Maidie had seized suddenly upon a new idea; she flopped down upon the ground as her habit was when struck by anything that wanted thrashing out, and buried her face in her hands.

Yes, it was all coming back now.

She remembered about a month ago, when she and Corona had ridden up to the top of a high hill, that they had looked down upon their present house, and that she at least had noticed something about it that had struck her then as peculiar, though it had since slipped from her memory.

Yes, then, they had encountered Miss Richmond and her brother on the crest of the hill, so that Corona's attention had been taken up talking to them; but Maidie had been left in peace, and had been able to pursue her own observations unmolested. She had seen then that in addition to the storeys of the house with which she was acquainted, was another one, above them all; and this topmost storey receded a good way on all sides, so that there was a wide lead walk all round between the walls and the red brick parapet of the house. And the parapet was in itself so high that this upper storey of attics was entirely hidden from anyone who did not look down upon the building from a height; and as only this particular hill commanded the house, and only very sharp eyes would be able to detect what Maidie had seen, it was quite likely that only few people were aware of the lead-roofed attics at the top of the house.

There were no loop-holes in the high parapet wall, so that the outlook from the window must be very dull indeed; but Maidie had thought that the leads would make a nice place for playing in, and she wondered that she had never remembered it from that day to this.

Talk of the masked ball and the preparation of dresses and the excitement of her sister's engagement had drived away all other thoughts, and now she was glad of this, for it would give pleasant occupation for a wet day. What puzzled Maidie most was that she had never noticed the stairs leading upwards to another storey when she had been exploring the one above their own.

Forgetting the fears she sometimes experienced alone about that desolate house, Maidie started off upon her voyage of discovery. She thought she would not disturb Corona until she had found something out for herself. Her sister might have fallen asleep, and it would be a pity to disturb her.

(To be Continued.)

Discrepancy Somewhere.

Simeral—I don't see how a watch can keep accurate time.

Snooper—Why not?

Simeral—Well, time flies, but a watch only runs.—*Texas Siftings.*

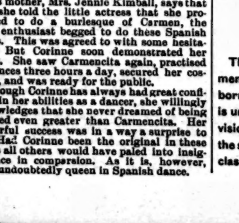
Spanish Dances

That clever little actress, Corinne, whose skilful and graceful dancing has done a great deal for her present reputation, recently added the Fandango, the Madritena, the El Ole, the Cachuca and other Spanish dances to her terpsichorean repertoire. These are the dances which made Carmencita famous, and from the present outlook they are likely to materially aid in making the little American queen of burlesque even more famous than her accomplished predecessor. Coronne recently gave the dances in New York City, and if the verdict of the press goes for aught, was successful far beyond any of those who gave the Spanish dances before her. Notwithstanding the fact that she was not the first to introduce them, crowds flocked to see her and the press of the city where full of her success. The New York *Herald* says:

"If imitation be as it is claimed, the sincerest flattery, then Carmencita the real should feel most highly flattered, for no closer imitation of her every pose and movement could be possible than that given by Corinne in her new burlesque. It is a serious question if Corinne has not the greater merit of the two."

Stage dancing has assumed an importance and an interest in theatrical performances during the past three years never possessed by it before that time. Sylvia Grey and Letty Lind made their skirt dancing, which was a revelation to theatre-goers over here, started the boom, and no less a performer than Mary Anderson helped it along. America will not soon forget the quaint English dance which she introduced in Shakespeare's Winter Tale. Everything thronged to the theatres to see Perdita's graceful rush down to the footlights. The taste thus called into existence has been assiduously catered to ever since.

The last year a gorgeous Spanish color and movement have been added. The tinkling castanets and the sounding and much bedoned tambourine have been called upon to contribute their vivacity and vivid tint and with exceedingly pleasing results. It was the artiste in New York who claimed to have just discovered the merits of Carmencita, and celebrated the grace and effectiveness of her dancing.



According to all accounts Corinne discovered Carmencita even before the artiste did. She saw the Spanish dancer in Philadelphia while she was still with the Kiralfys and attracting very little attention. When Carmencita began to dance, Corinne involuntarily rose in her seat and followed every movement of the dancer's ground feet. The little girl's eyes fairly glistened with delight, and when the dance was finished she sank back in her seat as one who had seen a vision. People looked around in wonder at the impassive audience, and marveled that they did not break into thunders of applause. For several days she could talk of nothing else, and began immediately to imitate the steps she had seen. Corinne's mother, Mrs. Jennie Kimball, says that when she told the little actress that she proposed to do a burlesque of Carmen, the young enthusiast begged to do these Spanish dances. This was agreed to with some hesitation. But Corinne soon demonstrated her ability. She saw Carmencita again, practised the dances three hours a day, secured her costumes, and received the public.

Although Corinne has always had great confidence in her abilities as a dancer, she willingly acknowledges that she never dreamed of being accorded even greater than Carmencita. Her wonderful success was in a way a surprise to her. Had Corinne been the original in these dances all others would have paled into insignificance in comparison. As it is, however, she is undoubtedly queen in Spanish dance.

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CURE
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK
Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD
Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE
is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
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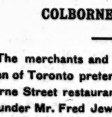

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BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

WILHELM MENCKE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

"Wh—what do you mean, you—you—upstart!" Wilhelm Mencke finally exclaimed, starting to his feet, his face flushing to an almost purple hue with anger, his huge, fat fists threateningly uplifted.

He was an extremely repulsive looking object in his impotent rage, and his blustering manner would have cowed and alarmed a less courageous man than Wallace.

"You had better sit down, Mr. Mencke, and compose yourself," he quietly remarked, but without so much as the flinching of an eyelid.

"Give me that box!" hissed the man savagely and shaking his fist in close proximity to Wallace's nose; yet his look shifted uneasily before the young man's calm gaze.

"I shall not give you the box, Mr. Mencke," he returned, without the slightest variation in his tranquil tone.

"I'll have you arrested for theft," blustered the irate man, but with not quite so much confidence as before.

"Sit down, sir," Wallace now sternly demanded; "I wish to talk with you further about this matter."

The man instinctively obeyed him and sank back into his chair, but with much muttering and grumbling about being "swindled out of his rights by a low-born beggar," etc.

Wallace paid no attention to his abuse, but resumed with inflexible decision and in a business-like way:

"Now, sir, I will make terms with you. The contents of that box belong to my wife, Violet Huntington Richardson—almost every piece of the jewelry is marked with the initials of her maiden name, and there would be no difficulty whatever in having it identified. That she was my wife can be readily proved, by a certain document which I have in my possession and which you have already seen. These two propositions being established, another can be deduced from them—namely, that the husband of Mrs. Richardson would have the first claim upon whatever personal property she might have possessed at the time of her death. Now, Mr. Mencke, if you wish to have me arrested for theft you can at once institute proceedings against me and we will have the matter decided in court.

Wilhelm Mencke had grown as white as it was possible for his beer-inflamed face to become during these remarks, for he saw the force of Wallace's reasoning and realized that he had made a grand mistake in refusing to accept the young man's offer to him, and a greater one in allowing the box of jewelry to go out of his hands.

But he could not curb his rage and he broke forth again furiously.

"You are a——robber; you have my property and you have taken an unfair advantage of me; you cannot prove that those jewels belong to any one else——"

"I am not a robber, sir, while I can prove—and fortunately at this very moment—that those articles of jewelry once belonged to my wife, Violet," Wallace calmly answered, as, reaching out his hand, he touched an electric button beside his desk.

A musical ring from the adjoining room responded to the pressure, and the next moment a clerk opened the door to ascertain what was wanted.

"Albert, is Lord Cameron still in the office?" Wallace inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Ask him to please step in here for a few moments."

The clerk disappeared while Wilhelm Mencke's face grew blank with chagrin and mortification. Chagrin—for the mention of Lord Cameron's name told him that Wallace could indeed prove his statements—mortification because he could not endure the thought of meeting the young earl in his present reduced circumstances.

Lord Cameron entered almost immediately and instantly recognized Wallace's visitor.

The two men had not parted in the most cordial way, for the meanness and treachery of the Mencke family had been revealed, and Cameron had not hesitated to show their disapproval and that they no longer desired their acquaintance. Accordingly his lordship only bowed distantly and coldly, as he now addressed the man by name, and then turned to his friend to ascertain why he had been summoned.

"Cameron, Mr. Mencke has called upon me this morning to dispose of some articles that once belonged to Violet," Wallace began, as he unlocked the drawer in his desk, and drew forth the contested box, "and I simply wished to ask you in his presence to identify them."

"Certainly, if I can do so," Lord Cameron readily replied, but losing a trifle of his color at the mention of Violet.

"They are the jewels which she used to wear," Wallace continued, as he uncovered the box and passed it to his friend. "Will you tell me if there is anything there that you recognize?"

"Why, yes, I recognize almost everything there is here," his lordship returned. "These rings I have often seen her wear—all save this plain, heavy band; the bracelets, one pair of which were my own gift to her; also this lace pin of violets with the diamond center. Why, of course there can be no doubt that they were hers," he added, as he turned them over with reverent hand, "for nearly everything is marked with her initials."

"As I remarked before, Mr. Mencke wishes to dispose of them; he has offered them to me for the sum of two thousand dollars," Wallace said, carefully returning them to the drawer of his desk as his friend passed them back to him.

"What!" exclaimed the young earl, with a frown and look of astonishment; "he wishes to sell them, and to you?"

"Yes, and he demands the sum that I have named, or he threatens—at least he did threaten—to pawn them."

An expression of disgust swept over Lord Cameron's fine face; then he exclaimed, indignantly:

"Why, Richardson, that is beastly! But he has no right to the things at all; Violet was your wife, and every article belongs by law to you."

"So I have told him, and so, I think, any judge would decree," said Wallace. "Still, I could not think of allowing them to be pawned, and, as I did not wish to take any advantage of Mr. Mencke, who says he is in need of money, I have offered to go with him to any reliable jeweler and give him whatever sum may be named as their value, besides fifty dollars for the sake of associations."

"It is more than he ought to ask or even expect, Wallace—it is a very generous offer," said his lordship.

"But he refuses to take it—he demands two thousand dollars, or nothing. I could not stand such extortion as that, and so have taken possession of the box, with the determination to have the matter settled by law. He claimed that I could not prove to whom they had belonged, therefore I took the liberty to call you, in order to show him that it would be a very easy matter to do so," Wallace explained.

"You did perfectly right," Lord Cameron responded, heartily, "and I will willingly give my testimony in the presence of both judge and jury, if need be."

Wilhelm Mencke began to realize that he had made a serious blunder—that he had overreached himself in his exorbitant demands.

He had no wish to have the matter decided by law—he would not have it made public upon any account, for it would then get into the papers, and that would bring about the very *denouement* which he was so anxious to avoid—that of uniting the young husband and wife.

He was terribly disappointed to see his baffled in his plans, but he saw that he could not help himself, and that it would be wise to make the best of a bad situation, and take what money he could get from Wallace.

"He claims that I am a thief, and says he will have me arrested," the young architect observed, with a slight smile.

"Let him—the sooner the better; and it would be the better way to decide the matter; you should not be obliged to pay for what rightly belongs to you," said Lord Cameron, with a contemptuous glance at the discomfited man.

"True, but I am willing to stand by my word," Wallace gravely replied, for he also shrank from any publicity of the matter, "and I will not withdraw the proposition I have already made. How is it, sir"—turning with a quick, business-like air to Mr. Mencke—"will you go with me to some jeweler and take what he states to be the value of these things?"

"I don't see how I am to help myself," the man sullkily returned; "you have obtained the advantage of me and I am forced to submit; but I'll be even with you yet."

Wallace's lip curled at the cowardly insinuation and threat, but he did not reply to them.

"Will you accompany us, Cameron, so that there will be no suspicion that there is anything wrong about the transaction?" he asked his friend.

Lord Cameron readily assented, and the three men went out together.

They proceeded directly to Tiffany's, where an expert in the establishment soon set a price upon Violet's pretty ornaments, whereupon Wallace paid out the sum, together with the bonus which he had promised, to Wilhelm Mencke.

"Now, sir," he said, in a low, stern tone, as the man took the money with a hang-dog air, "let this transaction conclude all relations between us. I trust that we shall never meet each other again."

He turned abruptly away and walked out of the store, with his friend, leaving the discomfited schemer warily eyeing each other, he considered a paltry sum, and the failure of his plot to "bleed" Wallace coplously, and secretly vowing that the disappointing transaction should not conclude all relations between them.

"I reckon you'd willingly give me twenty times this amount, my high-headed boy, for a little secret there is in my possession," he muttered, as he went his own way, "and I'll manage yet to make you shell out handsomely; you shall pay dearly for riding, rough-shod, over me as you have done to-day."

That same evening, when Wallace was alone in his room—a pleasant, luxurious apartment in an up-town house—he again examined the contents of that precious box.

All day long, since the interview of the morning, he had been heavy-hearted and he had longed to get away by himself, that he might give vent to the grief which he found so hard to control.

He spread out those voiceless yet expressive mementoes upon the table before him, and now scanned every article second to some memories so tender, and yet so bitter, that he was forced to abandon himself to their away, and, bowing his head upon the glittering heap, he sobbed as only a strong man can sob, when the barriers are broken away from a long pent-up sorrow.

He sat there for hours, giving way to his hopeless grief; then he gathered up his treasures, one by one, with reverent touch, pressing them to his lips, while great tears rolled down his cheeks, and replaced them in the box upon a layer of cotton, covering them with another, and shutting them from his sight.

"I believe I will never look at them again," he murmured, as he locked them away in his trunk. "It seems almost like looking into her grave, and I could not bear many seasons of grief like this."

The next day he purchased a beautiful casket of carved ebony, inlaid with pearl, having a golden key, and when he again returned to his room, he locked that other box within it, then burying it within the depths of his trunk, he attached the tiny key to his watch-chain, beside the little charm that Violet had given him so long ago, and felt almost as if he had just locked his dead away in her tomb.

While Wallace had been indulging his long pent grief in the solitude of his luxurious chamber, Wilhelm Mencke was alternately smoking his pipe and drinking beer from a capacious pitcher, in his miserable and comfortless lodging, reading meanwhile from a Cincinnati paper, which he took regularly, in order to keep himself posted upon what was transpiring in the city where he had formerly lived.

He had come to feel quite reconciled to the sum that he had managed to secure from Wallace that morning, though his hatred of that young man did not diminish one iota, and he thought he could not better spend an evening than by drinking to his own health and continued prosperity.

To be sure, he had not secured the two thousand which he had intended to wring from the young architect, but the sum he had obtained was no mean one, and he was planning to invest it in a small beer saloon, and thus start business for himself again.

All through the evening this plan was floating through his brain, as he read his paper, which, somehow, did not prove as interesting as usual.

But suddenly his eye slighted upon an article which caused an ejaculation of astonishment to escape him, and straightway put every other thought to flight.

"What—what—this!" he cried, sitting erect, throwing aside his pipe, and rubbing his eyes, as if to clear them from a mist which seemed to obscure his sight.

Then he read the paragraph through again, his face expressing first incredulity, then wonder, and finally, as he comprehended it more clearly, intense delight.

"Aha!" he cried, bringing his huge fist down upon the table with a force that made his glass ring and the liquid in it fly over the floor; "my lucky star must be in the ascendant again! There will be no need of keeping a fourth-rate beer-shop now. Just let me write to-morrow morning, and I will hold up my head among the proudest once more," he concluded, with an exultant chuckle.

The paragraph which had produced this sudden excess of joy in this usually stolid man, read as follows:

"A singular case of unclaimed property has just come to light in this city, and is exciting the interest and curiosity of people who have known the parties interested for many years. Many years ago, Jonas Huntington, a brother of the late Roen Huntington, formerly a wealthy pork-packer of Cincinnati, went to India, presumably to make his fortune. A few years later it was reported that he was dead, and, as time went on and nothing more was heard either from or of him, the report was credited by his relatives. A few months ago, a prominent lawyer of this place received a package of legal papers from a brother lawyer of London, England, and upon examining them, was astonished to learn that Jonas Huntington did not die in India, as reported, but lived to carry on a prosperous business as a dealer in ivory, for many years. Last year, about this time, he arrived in London, with all his fortune. He was on his way home, to visit his relatives, and to choose his heir, as he had no family of his own. But he was suddenly taken ill just as he expected to sail, and was told that he had not long to live, whereupon he at once made his will, naming Miss Violet Huntington, the younger daughter of his brother, Roen, as his heir, and directing that an old friend, Ralph Middleton, if he were still living, and practicing law, should be the administrator of his estate, which is said to consist chiefly in bonds and legitimate stock to a very large amount.

"Now comes the perplexing and romantic part of this story. Miss Violet Huntington is dead, having been accidentally drowned at Mentone, more than a year ago, and just on the eve of her marriage with an English earl. Her only living relative is Mrs. Wilhelm Mencke, recently a resident of Cincinnati; but the Menckes, who were so unfortunate as to lose all their property soon after the death of Miss Huntington, have disappeared, no one can tell whither, and cannot be found, although they have long been advertised for; consequently there was no one to claim this large fortune left by Jonas Huntington, and the estimable lawyer who has it in charge is considerably puzzled to know what to do with it."

(To be Continued.)

His Own Daughter.

"The subject of a national flower is being discussed a great deal now, Miss Minnie," remarked a visitor at Minneapolis, to a maiden of that city. "What do you think about it?"

"Well," replied Miss Minnie, "I think papa's fancy winter wheat flour rather takes the biscuit."

Not That Kind.

Clara—You say Emily married a Southern farmer?

Cora—I said nothing of the kind.

"Well, you said he was a planter from Louisiana."

"So I did. But he's not a farmer; he's an undertaker."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column" Saturday Night Office.)

Lasca.—See Beatrice.

Florence.—See Geraldine.

Lesbia and Cabanne.—See Nil Desperandum.

Peo.—Willful, imaginative, ambitious eccentric and systematic.

Delaware.—Merry, methodical, persevering, a little vain and self willed.

Marjory.—You are generous, orderly impulsive, energetic and sympathetic.

Chipping.—Your writing displays much self-will indecision, ambition and order.

Toy.—Generosity, flippancy, self-will and energy are strongly marked in your writing.

Vera.—You are probably very active, steadily ambitious, self-assertive and warm-hearted.

Lot.—Self-esteem, ambition, some flippancy and impulse are clearly shown in your writing.

Lurlie.—You are probably practical, methodical, persistent, cheerful and self-esteeming.

Persevering Green.—Certainly you may send the photographs. I will do my best with them.

Harry.—You are in the wrong. A gentleman offers his right arm to a lady, and sasks her on his left.

Sam Weller.—You are impulsive, self-esteeming, unostentatious, generous, self-willed and brave.

Lauren.—Good imitative powers, indecision, merriment, sociabiveness, self-will and decided selfishness.

Lilliu.—You are undoubtedly, a careless fun-loving little girl, rather a chatterbox and not very unselfish.

J. W. B.—You are probably somewhat melancholy, too cautious, too much reserved, self willed but generous.

Clif.—Good intuition, fair sequence of ideas, self-esteem, resolution and delicacy of thought are shown in this writing.

Geraldine, 'Belleville.—You are indecisive, cordial, happy hearted, a little too fond of flattery and rather shrewd.

Prince Leopold.—This writing indicates a jovial disposition, much warmth of heart, tenderness, sensitiveness and sympathy.

Kermaos and Eyr.—In this writing geniality, directness of endeavor, energy, self-esteem and inclination to coquetry are strongly marked.

Beatrice.—You are orderly self-reliant, fond of good opinion regarding your own sweet self, sensitive and dainty in manner and speech.

Tappy.—The idea of March was a date—March 15, and the days were reckoned from it. Writing shows egotism, self-will, pluck and perseverance.

Gussie Payne.—This writing indicates a rather systematic nature, self-reliance, a little petulance and an inclination to be lazily happy if possible.

L. W. P., Hamilton.—January 6, 1863, fell on a Tuesday. Writing indicates a generous, sanguine, much kindness of heart and considerable self-esteem.

Nil Desperandum, Woodstock.—Irresolution, ready sympathy, lustrous of mind and a happy-go-lucky nature are the chief characteristics of your writing.

R. L. Patton, Chicago.—The writing shows carelessness, joviality, independence of thought, inclination to sarcasm, good humor under fair skies and a far too selfish nature.

Quilp, M. P.—This writing betrays a practical nature somewhat overgrown by a hard row to hoe, considerable dignity, perfect candor, some petulance and a restless temperament.

Vagabond.—Have you read the charming little love-story from which you took your name? You are impressionable, vivacious, flippant, rather romantic, and inclined to be self-absorbed.

Lion M. W. Montreal.—You are rather disposed to be despondent, are shrewd, ambitious, a little self esteeming, simple in personal tastes and are the not uncommon possession of a red-hot temper. Eh?

Subtite—Vanity, inordinate, ambition, much obstinacy and good practical ability are shown in your writing. I fancy that your conversation borders on the caustic, and perhaps your sarcasm is too well-pointed for your friends.

J. E. S.—You have answer to nine of the 5, reached the office duly, but I have only come upon it now. I am truly glad that I was able to be of some use to you and I wish you very great success. If I can at any time, give you the slightest aid I shall be pleased to do so, for you are very brave.

Blue-eyed Lass.—The quotation referring to the "mills of God," is from one of Longfellow's translations from the Gaun, and the spirit of the words has a double edge. Your writing exhibits shrewdness, kindness of heart, persistence of will and vanity, while you certainly are argumentative.

A. I.—Wash the mildewed article in the preparation for which I give you a recipe. Add to 1 lb. chloride of lime and 2 lbs. washing soda, one gallon of boiling soft water. When the soda and the lime are dissolved, add another gallon of cold water. 2. Your writing shows activity, timidity, selfishness and order.

Hazel, Port Hope.—The Black Art, as often spoken of, means magic power derived from no good source. 2. Hazel eyes usually look out from an honest heart, but the rest of the features must be taken into consideration. 3. Yes the slurpy in manner and speech, selfish, ambitious, systematic, reserved and cautious.?

E. W. W.—The rule of three is a method whereby a conclusion can be arrived at, when two facts bearing a certain relation to it are given. For instance, if the price of a number of articles is given with the number purchased, the price of one is easily ascertained. Your writing indicates some method, an obstinate nature, generosity, self-esteem and some ambition.

New Moon.—Just exactly the diff ren-e between a fruit and a vegetable, wise people have quarrelled over for years. We usually class as fruits all those productions which contain the germe of plant-life. Of vegetables we use for food everything of the plant itself, either the root or branch. 2. Your writing indicates some egotism, a calculating disposition, dislike of ostentation and fair order.

Rosina.—Hope you will find it all this. I positively could not decipher the first word of your pseudonym. 1. Certainly not. You must see that the cause is related to the love. 2 If that be gone it is only a caricature. 3. You are quick-tempered, resolute, with quantities of good qualities waging war against your bad ones. You are cordial, yet shrewd and calculative, while you occasionally surprise yourself by an outburst of generosity.

Rambous vor Heischer Sunlehnung.—Oh! what a name that is! How far down street couldn't you get before some one you didn't want to see could call you? Regarding your first question I would say: Don't ask young men to make solemn promises. They are pretty sure to break them and sometimes that makes their consciences squirm. 2. Nobody breaks a promise deliberately with circumstances unaltered it is a very serious matter, but try to be charitable, for you cannot see the "whys." 3. Your writing shows firmness, energy, loquacity, some pride and a good deal of generosity.

Temper Fugit, Elgin, Ill.—Many thanks for your kind words regarding the column. The enclosed writing betrays generosity, independence in action, some self-will, a quiet temperament, considerable self-reliance and sound common sense. 2. The photograph indicates serenity of mind faculty for reasoning and a fondness for music from the forehead, warmth of attachment by the eyebrows, honesty and reserve by the eyes, sensitiveness by the nose and patience and resolution from the mouth and chin. The lips bring to mind the words of Longfellow's regarding those who "know how sublime a thing it is to suffer and be strong." 3. The writing corresponds, and indicates besides method and caution.

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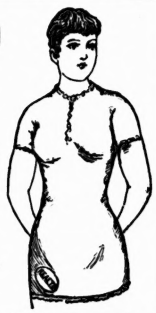

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For elegant design, quality of material and solid workmanship our BOYS' SUITS are unsurpassed, as is testified by an ever-increasing trade in this department. An examination of our immense stock will convince any one that all we claim for our goods is fully carried out, and we invite your inspection.

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WE have had gloomy weather for the past few days. We hope for brighther weather now. A bright cheerful stock needs bright cheerful weather to make it move. Our Overcoat Department has many attractive features for this season. The usual painstaking care in its selection and yet aiming to keep prices down to meet the purses of the masses has been our rule and practice. Come to night and look our stock over.

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Beg to announce to the public of Toronto that have now on exhibition for a few days at the

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A collection of upwards of one hundred high class modern paintings of the English, French and Dutch schools, embracing excellent examples by Old Crome, J. B. Pyne, H. Moore, Daubigny, Corot, Troyon, Zisen, Isabey, Jongkind, Millet, Harpignies, Israels, Marie Maurs, Mesdag, and other artists whose names are household words in the art centers of the world. Admission free on presentation of visiting cards. The pictures are for private sale only, and are guaranteed to be original works of the artists represented.

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Terrific Cut on Prices

Did the work, and produced a crowd of buyers large enough, enthusiastic enough and liberal enough to overwhelm less capable merchants than ourselves, and proved to the people that our great

$2.75

BOYS' SUIT SALE

Was a genuine Bonanza for the citizens of Toronto. Although our sales have been enormous, we have still about

290

OF THE 1,000 LOT LEFT

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I have just received a full assortment of all the latest novelties in Suitings, Trouserings, Overcoatings, etc., purchased from the best markets for the Fall trade. Gentlemen requiring a first-class, perfect-fitting Suit or Overcoat, should not fail to call on

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Elegant Plush Mantles

OUR SPECIALTY is Plush Cloaks and Jackets. We show a choice collection of Silk Plush Jackets this season, made up in the newest shapes with quilted satin lining from $17. In three-quarter-length Plush Jackets, made up in combination with Astrachan and Persian Lamb Sleeves and Collars, our assortment is large and attractive. Our Plush Dolmans from $20 are not to be surpassed either for style or price. Elegantly Braided and Applique Plush Dolmans for matronly ladies are really handsome. Special attention is given to the **MANUFACTURE OF PLUSH AND SEALETTE GARMENTS** of every description, employing only efficient German tailors on this work Perfect fit guaranteed.

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Misses E. and H. Johnston have now in stock an elegantly-fitting corset, manufactured especially for them, and carrying out in its fashioning the correct idea of perfection in fit. All figures can be exactly suited.

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and 146 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

McTAVISH—At Shelburne, on October 25, Mrs. H. W. McTavish—a son.
DICKEY—At Independence, Mo, on October 28, Mrs. Walter J. Dickey—a son.
POWELL—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. William Powell—a son.
BISHOP—At Toronto, on October 23, Mrs. George J. Bishop—a son.
BOYD—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. George Boyd—a son.
CURRY—At Toronto, on October 27, Mrs. J. Curry—twin boys.
REID—At Toronto, on October 18, Mrs. Thomas Reid—a daughter.
BRADLEY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mrs. Albert Bradley—a son.
COSBIE—At Toronto, on October 21, Mrs. R. H. Cosbie—a daughter.

Marriages.

RICHARDSON—DAVIES—On the 21st inst., at the residence of the bride's father, Waterdown, by the Rev. A. E. Miller, T. D. Richardson of Toronto, to Mary Adelaide Davies. No cards.
MUIR—CARLOW—At Quebec, on October 22, Rev. Wallace Muir of Carluke, Ont., to Lizzie Carlow.
GRAHAM—WATT—At Pelee Island, Ont., on October 23, Samuel Graham to Ethelind M. C. Watt.
LAWSON—DOWLING—At Caledon, on October 27, Mary Lawson to Edward Dowling of New Mexico, U.S.A.
DELACOMYN—BYRNE—At Oakville, on September 25, Louis Theodore Delcomyn to Lillian Effie Byrne.
GRIMES—DEVERELL—At Toronto, on October 15, John Grimes, of Wotton-Under-Edge to Adelaide Deverell.
PURVIS—GIBSON—On October 22, James Edmund Purvis to Grace E. Gibson.
WHITE—LAMBERT—At Collingwood, on October 13, Thomas B. White of Clarksburg, Ont., to Hattie M. Lambert.
ADAMSON-HILL—MacCOLLA—At Toronto, on October 28, Tom Adamson-Hill of St. Andrew's, Scotland, to Eliza Ritchie MacColla.
McGRANDLE—FOOTE—At Parkdale, on October 22, Hugh McGrandle of Huntsville, Muskoka, to Helen Robina Foote.
DENROCHE—CLARKE—At Toronto, on October 29, Wilfred S. Denroche to Kathleen Clarke.

Deaths.

McTAVISH—At Shelburne, on October 25, infant son of Rev. H. W. and Mrs. McTavish.
YOUNG—At Toronto, on October 26, Mrs. Jane Young, aged 67 years.
McDONALD—At San Bernardino, California, on September 22, W. A. J. G. McDonald, aged 29 years.
TAYLOR—At Toronto, on October 27, Mrs. James Taylor, aged 22 years.
McPHERSON—At Hamilton, on October 26, Mrs. T. H. MacPherson.
CURRIE—At Toronto, on October 24, Edward Currie, aged 64 years.
WILSON—At Toronto, on October 25, Margaret Jessie Wilson, aged 2 years.
SECCOMBE—At Toronto, on October 27, Mrs. Eliza Seccombe, aged 66 years.
SPLAN—At Toronto, on October 24, Edna Maud Splan, aged 1 year.
CONWAY—At Toronto, on October 28, Mary Conway, aged 38 years.
GOLDING—At Toronto, on October 18, Joseph Golding, aged 56 years.
ORR—At Toronto, on October 29, Lulu S. Orr, aged 21 years.
FIEROL—At Toronto, on October 29, Bertie Steadman Fierol, aged 23 years.
PFAFF—At Toronto, on October 29, Mrs. Salome Pfaff, aged 76 years.

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NOTE—These goods can be diluted to make a cheaper article, but we prefer to supply our customers with a good perfume and let them do their own diluting if they wish.

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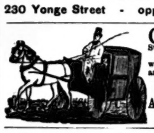

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You should secure one of those plums.

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Winter assortments, very choice. We offer the best makes at close wholesale prices.

Ladies' Genuine French Undressed Kid Gloves, 4-Buttons, at 65c per pair.

Ladies' French Undressed Musquetaire, 8-Button length, at 75c.

1,000 Pairs Italian Kid Gloves, in all sizes and newest shades, at 30c per pair, worth 50c.

Brussels Kids, 4-Buttons, in light and dark shades of tan and in black, at 75c.

Choice French Kids, reliable makes, 4-Buttons, at $1 per pair.

Genuine French Kids, goods that were awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exposition, selling at $1.25 per pair.

Ladies' Black Cashmere Gloves, 6-Button length, at 20c, 25c and 30c per pair.

Ladies' and Gents' Wool-Lined Kids and Mittens, at factory prices, Gents' Undressed Kids, at $1 per pair. Napa, Buck and Kangaroo, at from $1.25. Children's Kid and Cashmere Gloves and Wool Gloves and Mittens in every size and shade, at prices that please, at

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A full line of the leading English and American Silk and Felt Hats always in stock. A large consignment of Lincoln & Bennett's celebrated London Hats just arrived.

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GREAT NOVEMBER SALE
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Notwithstanding the very large trade done in the department this season we find our stock too heavy. To make a clearance we have made some startling cuts. We show extra value in Sealettes, and devote special attention to the making of them.

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Our stock is large, well assorted, and cannot be surpassed in value.
All-wool Henriettas, worth 65c., selling at 40c.
All-wool Amazon, " 50 " 37½.
All-wool Serges " 60 " 35.
Ladies' made-up Costumes always in stock.

Millinery Department

This being our leading department we will, during this month, offer extra inducements. The newest shape, the most artistic trimmings at sale prices is what we offer.
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